THEATRE MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1917

IS Bernard Shore sincere?

Can anyone fathom the secret of this sphinx, this literary enigma whose wit and subtlety—yes, we can't deny it—has made the whole world sit up and take notice?

We're going to make the attempt in the November number!

William Faversham, Arnold Daly, Mary Shaw, George C. Tyler, Grace George and Brander Matthews, who have all had personal dealings with the satyrical G. B. S., will give you their opinions.

Our only request is that after reading the article you won't sit up all night discussing the pros and cons with a Shaw fan. True, the subject *is* interesting, but we mustn't deprive our dear readers of sleep!

IT'S an established fact that most plays adapted from novels and short stories are failures.

There is an author, however, whose adapted plays always get over.

And he's no other than

Yours patriotically,

GEORGE M. COHAN.

In the next issue, George, of the stage, screen and the flag, will write on "The Difficult Art of the Dramatic Adapter."

WHO put "pep" into the Hippodrome shows?

R. H. Burnside is the culprit.

The producer of the mammoth Hippodrome pieces for several seasons and a wizard for staging spectacles, Mr. Burnside will tell in his article in the November number of the stupendous task that confronts a producer who wishes to put on a large show without any dragging moments.

Do you want to be amused or thrilled?

Then watch for the laughable and near tragic incidents he has to relate.

STAGE women have been renowned for their beauty, their charm and their ability.

Now another attribute has been added—patriotism!

Among the first to heed the call "Your country needs you," they banded together and to-day the "Stage Women's War Relief" can look back and see behind a trail of work which will bring cheer and comfort to many.

Read about their activities in the next issue.

But first—Hats off to the Stage Women's War Relief!

VOL. XXVI. No. 200

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WE'RE glad you like our Motion Picture Section.

We were sure you would!

Mirilo will inform you of the news of movieland in such an entertaining fashion that you will think you're in wonderland!

Inside news of the studios, reviews of the latest releases, who's who in filmdom—and pictures, pictures galore!

We wish Uncle Cy in Oshkosh could see Mary Pickford's latest, just to hear him say, "Ain't she grand!"

ALL the world's a stage and the actors always play their parts, even though the scene is a battlefield.

History repeats itself. What happened yesterday is recurring to-day.

In the Civil War the stage was impoverished by the number of young actors drafted.

In the November THEATRE MAGAZINE Charles Burnham will tell how the theatre was affected in the 1860's, and compare it with conditions at the present time.

DON'T you want to know something about Grant Mitchell, Broadway's latest favorite — the actor who helped in a great measure to make "The Tailor-Made Man."

Mr. Mitchell is a Harvard grad—one of the few college men on our stage. But we won't divulge any other facts about his interesting career and personality.

Read the November number and find out.

DISPEL that gloomy feeling.

Get acquainted with the charms of the playhouse. Read the THEATRE MAGAZINE with its up-to-the-minute news and timely articles. Watch for the exquisite photographs.

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ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, NEW YORK, AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER

From a portrait by White

GEORGE ARLISS

As Alexander Hamilton, the title rôle of the new play in which he is starring this season

THEATRE MAGAZINE

A DEMAND FOR SERIOUS DRAMA

By CLAYTON HAMILTON

THERE is at present an unprecedented opportunity for developing a serious drama in America, but there is little indication that this opportunity is generally recognized.

Our theatre-going public, though contented for the most part with lighter types of entertainment, demands a certain number of serious dramas every year and is willing to patronize them with approval. Before the outbreak of the war, this demand was supplied mainly by importations from abroad. The late Charles Frohman based his life-long policy upon the practice of buying up the most successful plays in London, Paris, and other European capitals and subsequently reproducing them in New York; and he even went so far as to make contracts in advance for the entire output of several of the most celebrated French and British dramatists. This policy was so successful that it was imitated, to some extent, by many other American producing managers, and, as a result, we came to look toward Europe as the necessary source of the sort of drama that would contribute the element of dignity to an American theatre season.

In two respects, at least, the Frohman policy was a good thing for the American theatre. In the first place, it kept our theatre cosmopolitan—more cosmopolitan by far than the stages of London, Paris and Berlin—and made our public more or less familiar with the masterpieces of other nations than our own; and, in the second place, it afforded our aspiring native playwrights an opportunity to develop their own talents by studying at first hand the sturdier work of the more experienced dramatists of Europe. But, in another respect, the Frohman policy was a bad thing for the American theatre, in that it tended to discourage our own authors from writing serious plays.

RARELY, if ever, did Mr. Frohman produce a serious drama by an American author whose reputation had not already been established: he considered it safer, as a matter of commercial policy, to rely upon the drawing power of great names. And, even if the American author succeeded in securing a production of his play under the auspices of another manager, the piece was required to compete before the public with some technical masterpiece by Sir Arthur Pinero or M. Henry Bernstein that had been imported overseas.

No critic would advocate a policy of "protection" in the world of art; for, theoretically, art should know no boundaries, and should be imported and exported freely all around the habitable world; but the "free-trade" aspect of the Frohman policy was so one-sided that it actually did result in a drastic discouragement of serious endeavor in this country. An American author might devote six months of effort to the preparation of a serious play for one of Mr. Frohman's stars, only to discover in the end that Mr. Frohman had bought a play in London or in Paris to serve as the next "vehicle" for the star in question.

But a complete change in this situation has been brought about by the tragical catastrophe that has overwhelmed the European world; and, for the first time in the history of the American theatre, our American playwrights find themselves "protected" against any considerable competition from abroad. The war has silenced, for a time, the great dramatists of France, and it has all but silenced the great dramatists of Britain. Generally speaking, it is now impossible to import great plays from Europe, for the simple reason that Europe is too busy with the war to write great plays. "A Kiss for Cinderella" and the Barrie one-act plays were sent to us last season as a sadly sweet by-product of the war; and, for the coming season we are promised a big war-play by M. Bernstein,—"L'Elévation." But these notable exceptions only prove the current rule,—which is, quite simply, that if we are to satisfy the demand of the American public for a certain number of serious dramas every year, we must now rely at last upon our own resources and write the plays ourselves.

ANOTHER practical point to be considered is that the peculiar economic situation which has been imposed upon this country by the war has resulted, rather curiously, in a period of exceptional prosperity for the theatres. Without analysis or explanation of the current situation, it may be stated positively as a fact that our public is now flocking to the theatre in unprecedented numbers. Plays which might have failed five years ago succeed at present because the popular demand for entertainment outstrips and overruns the available supply. Now if ever, "while the going is good" (to quote a convenient phrase of slang), would seem to be the most propitious moment for risking the experiment of developing a serious American drama.

It is an axiom of art that every opportunity carries with it a proportionate obligation. When the opportunity is small, the artist cannot be condemned for rendering a small accomplishment; but, when the opportunity is great, the artist must be judged adversely if he neglects to rise to the height of the occasion. In this period when our theatre is more than generously patronized and when our native authors are accidentally relieved from the competition of more celebrated European dramatists, it becomes not only a privilege but also a duty for us to strive to do something better than our best and to develop a serious drama in this country that shall be worthy, after the war, to hold a voice in the concerted theatre of the world.

THUS far, however, our American theatre has afforded little indication of a willingness to accept the obligation that has been imposed upon us by the present opportunity. Our managers, for the most part, have been willing to draw money from an over-eager public by offering a series of farces and melodramas which merely rearrange the old, traditional materials that the public has approved in former years; our public, seeking entertainment at a time when entertainment is a consummation devoutly to be wished, has shown itself too easily satisfied with something that is obviously less than art; our dramatic critics have continued to suffer from that indurated diffidence which impedes them from condemning any play which is clearly destined to run to crowded houses for more than a hundred consecutive performances; and our playwrights—attacked by all these subtly undermining influences—have contented themselves, for the most part, with the easy task of chasing each other around the same old narrow track, and running Marathons that evermore return to an established starting point, instead of breaking away and dashing across country to regions strange and new.

The three most successful American plays of the season of 1916-1917 were "Turn to the Right," "The Man Who Came Back," and "The Thirteenth Chair." Each of these deserved success as a momentary entertainment; but none of the three exhibited an endeavor to take life seriously and to transmute the material of life into the eternal terms of art.

Now, if ever, is the proper time to launch a serious American play of the calibre of "Paid in Full," or "The Easiest Way," or "The Witching Hour," or "The Truth," or "The Great Divide." The conditions are so ripe that the opportunity has become an obligation. Our public desires and demands a certain number of serious dramas every season; and, for the first time in the history of our theatre, the conditions require manifestly that these serious plays should be written about American life by American authors. An unprecedented opportunity is offered to our native authors and our native managers by the present public crisis of the world; but this opportunity is so tremendous that it commits us also to an obligation that is rigorous.

NOW, of all times, the critical observer is required to hold our native drama sternly to its unprecedented opportunity. None of us should be contented with a little in a period that offers occasion for so much. In dramatic matters—as in military matters—our slogan at the present time must be,—"Wake Up, America!" We must all demand, a better native drama, before the present opportunity subsides, and—after a final readjustment of the warring world—the present obligation drifts away, denied and unfulfilled.

THE ART OF THE CURTAIN SPEECH

By RAYMOND HITCHCOCK

ABOUT the hardest thing in the world is to gracefully acknowledge praise or thanks. Knocking is an inborn attribute with most of us, but no matter what the occasion, we all become bromidic, just a trifle bashful, and frequently foolish when we try to say "thank you."

And all this is true of a curtain speech. It is a difficult art to give a good speech when the play has stopped and the actor steps out from his part—in fact it is such a difficult art that I think it is almost an inborn gift.

When, after they have enjoyed one or two acts of a play, an audience decides that it will have some member of the company say "thanks" from a point just forward of the lowered curtain, the player called on faces one of the most critical climaxes of his or her career. Had the audience hissed the show it would be easy to go out front and verbally spank said audience, but when it comes to praise there seems to be a stock set of phrases which some actor invented in time of great fright, and which have been doing duty ever since. It is just a case of the inevitable:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I wish to thank you heartily for your sincere appreciation of our efforts this evening, I'm glad you like our beautiful scenery—and our dear manager—Mr.———."

But by this time the audience are looking at one another and whispering, "Who was it we heard say this the other night?" The speaker looks silly, and everybody wishes the curtain would go up on the next act.

I HAD not been connected with the theatre for many months before I began to realize how stale the average curtain speech was, and to analyze it for the reason. The result was my arrival at the decision that the audience did not want to be thanked for their applause—that is not formally thanked, they wanted to think that they had a little something extra thrown in—and that the "thank you" was part of it, but only a minor part. This was fresh in my memory when the time came for me to make my first curtain speech, and no matter how many parts I play I shall always be able to wake from a sound sleep and recite that first speech without more than a second's thought.

I started in by saying that I did not know whether it was more difficult to make a curtain speech or buy a wedding present, and swung right in.

"Just got a letter from a friend of mine," I went on, "who told me that he had decided to take the step and pay a beautiful young lady's board for life. So of course, it was up to me to buy a wedding present. I went to a store called 'The Busy Corner' (so-called, I found afterwards, because it was in the middle of the block), and there I saw a man. He was a stout man with no hair but long whiskers, completely surrounded by whiskers, and every whisker bristled wealth. I looked at him intently for some minutes, and then I confided in him. After hearing my story he took me over to the silver plated counter where he told me I would find a young lady who knew exactly what I wanted. I told her my story, and she said she could help me out. She knew just the very thing, for she had bought a present for a cousin of hers who had been married a month before, and they hadn't spoken since. She started to show me the gift, talking all the while. She was the type of girl who could talk half an hour in ten minutes, and she made me dizzy. In leaning over the counter to see better, I fell and was caught in the trolley used to collect purchased goods, was swirled around to the packing department, stamped, wrapped up, addressed and thrown down the delivery tube into the wagon before I could convince them I was not a mechanical toy. Since then I never go out alone, never go out at all without holding somebody's hand, and if I could only take hold of you by the hand I could say 'thank you' and how charmed we really are."

SO much for the first speech, but you notice I kept away from the beaten path, and that is what counts in the success of every recognized curtain speaker of ability. The public is very little interested in your art unless you amuse or thrill them, they do not care to hear how long you studied or what your clothes cost. The method of your art counts for nothing at the box office, it's what you have done, and what you will do in the next act. That is what interests an audience, and the curtain speech must be keyed with the show.

Above everything else a curtain speech must be spontaneous. Even if a speaker has thought of what he is going to say, it must never appear studied. Personally, I never know what I am going to say, I say the thing that appeals to me most, though of course, after I have hit on some particular topic that interests an audience I do not dismiss it with one hearing. An example of spontaneous speech making was my present Billy Sunday speech, and my North Pole speech of a few years back.

The night I first made the North Pole speech I steppped out before the curtain wondering just what to say. I remember that I began rather bromidically by saying "Ladies and gentlemen" and flash, right across my brain came the picture of a headline on the paper that at the moment was lying on my dressing room table. It was at the time of the Cook-Peary incident, when Mr. Cook was claiming he had found the Pole, and Mr. Peary hot-footing it back to the United States to assure us that he was the real finder of the much sought spot. So the sentence that started "Ladies and gentlemen," ended with, "I see that they have found two North Poles." I talked on along the same idea, and it was not until I had finished that I knew that the speech was going to be something I could keep in my repertoire.

OF course, even a set speech is changed every night, for no speaker remembers his speech, only his idea, and the remarks that bring a laugh. Each night he puts in a new line or forgets an old one. By the time a play has had a run in a big city he has probably changed the speech considerably and added enough new material to fill a book. The reason for the changes is the varying audiences. It is very seldom that two audiences respond alike. Any speaker, any actor for that matter, can tell the type of audience at once. Some sit forward eager to laugh. Others are bored, while others are frozen and dare you to make them smile. The weather always affects an audience. Take a nice cool day in the fall and they feel keyed up for amusement. On a glorious early spring day they are happy, but in mid-summer they are hot and tired, and in very cold weather it is several minutes after they get in the theatre before they forget the fact that they were uncomfortable out-of-doors. Audiences are true barometers.

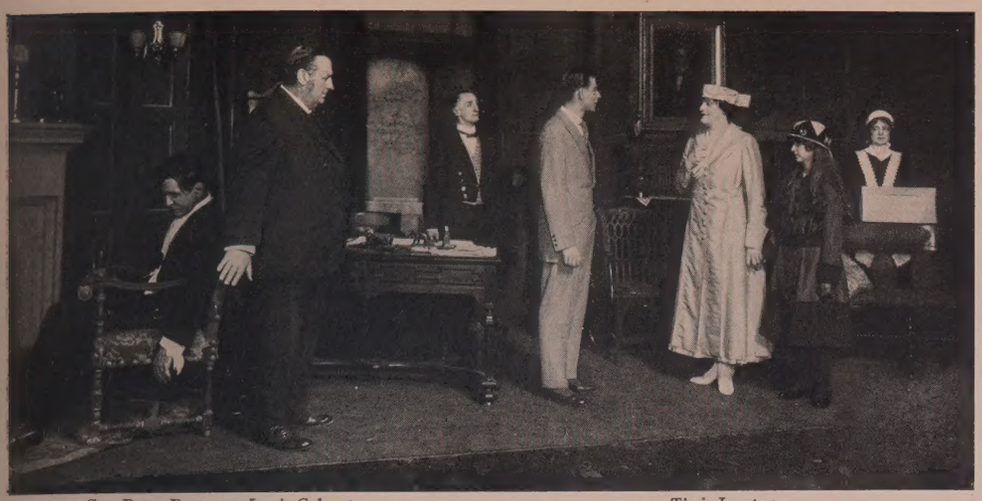
Localities, too, make a difference. Out of town, they are more inclined to take a topical speech seriously. I have particularly noticed that since I have been using my speech about the Rev. Billy Sunday. I first delivered that Billy Sunday speech because I was angry. It was nothing more or less than a frank protest—that is primarily what it is to-day. In the larger cities of the East they were delighted with it and laughed. In smaller cities and in the West they sat back and thought it over. When "Betty" was in Chicago, a minister rose in his seat after I had left the stage and addressed the audience. He said that he had come to the theatre because he had heard that Raymond Hitchcock was ridiculing religion. After hearing the speech he felt that it was only fair for him to tell the audience that Raymond Hitchcock's religion was better than the religion of Billy Sunday.

My press agent never found out who the gentleman was (it broke his heart), but the man resented any questions regarding himself, and would not give his name. The incident, however, shows the seriousness of the audience. A New York audience would never have taken that speech from any other viewpoint than the humorous, they take a joke easier than any other theatregoing public.

WHILE humor is what clinches the success of a curtain speaker he must not rely on humor to carry him all the way to success. There needs to be a deeper note, something that will make an audience nod in approval, and possibly remember to quote afterwards. The curtain speeker needs a gift of gab—just exactly that. He needs to be able to talk on timely subjects—and the controversies of the day as carried on through the newspapers form the foundation for his best material. The public likes to hear any comments on some subject before their eyes—something they know about. Also an audience likes to feel that they are part of a show. A speaker who recognizes some well-known man or woman in the audience and addresses them is always sure of a kindly reception from his listeners. They probably had no idea who the man with the bald head was—but afterwards they like to say that they "were at the theatre with so and so."

Take the recent Liberty Loan. That was meat for the curtain speakers. And they used it to good purposes. Personally I sold $157,000 worth of bonds one night, and other speakers helped the issue past the two million mark.

As everyone says that speechmaking is a difficult art, I suppose it is. Certainly there seems to be a demand for speeches, for no matter what city I am playing in, I am always asked to speak before this or the other society,—and judging by some of the prices they offer me I could earn my living as an after-dinner speaker. But cheer up. I shall not desert the stage.



Guy Bates Post Louis Calvert Thais Lawton

Act I. The presence of John Chilcote, M. P., a drug addict, is concealed from Mrs. Chilcote on her sudden return home

Mr. Post and Miss Lawton

Act I. Mr. Chilcote is bored by his wife's affection

Photos White Ruby Gordon Guy Bates Post

Act I. John Loder, cousin of Mr. Chilcote, and his double in appearance, complains of his lack of opportunity

Florence Malone Mr. Post

Act II. Loder, impersonating Chilcote, refuses to drink with Lady Astrupp

John Chilcote, M. P., a morphine fiend, lost in a London fog, meets John Loder, his cousin and double—a brilliant, but poor writer. The play is what happens after the substitution of the one man for the other in the home. The wife thinks her husband has reformed. Later, Chilcote succumbs to the drug, and is buried as John Loder. Loder secretly marries the wife and wins fame as John Chilcote

Mr. Post Ruby Gordon Louis Calvert

Act III. Brock, Chilcote's faithful servant, begs him to break his ruinous habit, assume his rightful identity and return home

GUY BATES POST IN A DUAL ROLE IN "THE MASQUERADER"

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

By DE WOLF HOPPER

REMINISCENCES are the garlands one gathers along the rosy highway of life—sometimes they are wreaths of fragrant lilies, sometimes they are nosegays of poison-ivy. In my own case they are all the fine flowers of friendship—thornless roses and scented perennial flowers that bloom in the spring (where have I heard that line?) and of buds and blossoms that have made my summers, and even my winters on the stage always happy—always enriched by treasured friends I have captured and kept from my first stage experience to my last—friends who have made my professional life a joy, my private life a revel of happy days and whose warm affection will, I am very sure, cheer the last dark days that come to us all when the material treasures of earth slip from our grasp and we embark on the river whose silent boatman is Death, bearing with us no treasure but that of the friendships we have won on earth and which we bear to heaven as our sole excuse for having lived.

And as I sit down to set upon paper a few reminiscences of my professional life, I find it difficult to say anything of my own work, so insistently do the friends of my stage experiences crowd into my mind. However, to drift from the third person plural, to the first person singular I would say of De Wolf Hopper (first name William) that I was born "at an Atlantic port" some seven years later than the date assigned in such accounts of my first appearance on this earth as have flown from the gifted pens of the various scribes who have been good enough to write biographical sketches of my life.

WITHOUT going into natal details or dwelling upon my brief experiences as an infant with undoubted vocal accomplishments, a small boy with strong leanings toward a career as a baseball player, or a lad whose fond parents believed him destined to garner laurels in the forensic field of the law, I will come at once to Hecuba and admit that I made my first appearance as an actor in my seventeenth year at an amateur performance of "Conscience" at the old Lyceum, now the Fourteenth Street Theatre, on May 9, 1878. After witnessing my performance in this piece, my parents were more firmly convinced than ever that destiny intended me to follow my father's profession of law.

Perhaps they were right. However, even in that misty period of the past sixteen-year-old boys, like those of to-day, considered themselves far wiser than their parents, and so, spurning certain musty volumes of Littleton-upon-Coke, and of Blackstone in favor of yellow-covered playbooks bearing the imprint of Sam'l French & Son, I spent the following Summer studying all the young romantic rôles I could lay my hands on, and in August I was "signed" for the rôle of Talbot Champneys in "Our Boys," to the intense disgust of my father. That stern parent, however, admitted that even had I taken a law course with average success, I should have been too young for admission to the bar, by the time I received my sheepskin, and he approved of my mother's suggestion that I be permitted to fluff about with the drama for a couple of years before settling down to the serious business of life.

With this half-hearted parental permission I made my professional début as a member of the Criterion Comedy Company in the aforesaid rôle without seriously disturbing the equilibrium of the drama. Having lent my bright young talent to "Our Boys," it was quite in the logic of events that the following season found me playing a rôle in "Our Daughters," and that my next engagement was with another domestic comedy entitled "One Hundred Wives," a charming fireside play in which I supported Miss Ada Gilman—

De Wolf Hopper as he is to-day

who still survives to tell the tale. May I pause here to twine all of Our Boys, all of our Daughters, and Miss Gilman together with the bright cord of Friendship as the centre of the nosegay I promised you?

THE season of 1881 brought me to the support of my fine friend that sterling man and actor Edward Harrigan with whom I appeared in "The Blackbird." So impressed was Mr. Harrigan with my acting that he advised me with earnest warmth to quit the stage, qualifying this stern counsel with a recommendation that if I persisted in a career behind the footlights the lyric stage was the most fitting place for my activities. This crushing blow to my dramatic ambition was followed by a year's serious study of singing—I had previously been well grounded in "vocal torture"—and then with the grand opera bee loudly buzzing in my bonnet, I joined the McCaull Opera Company where I jocosely sported about the stage for several years in the capacity of *basso-buffo*, rumbling through the comic bass rôles and continuing the studies I fondly dreamed were to fit me for a place in classic opera.

The McCaull company of those days was a splendid school for lyric stars as was Daly's for stars of the speaking stage, and a list of the singers who graduated from its ranks to head companies of their own would tax the space assigned these reminiscences. Only Mathilde Cottrelly, who was a guiding star of the artistic activities of the McCaull company, is equipped to write the story of those grand days.

Among the pieces in which I was cast during my engagement with that company were "The Black Hussar," "Chatter," "Don Caesar," "The Crowing Hen," "Falka," in which Miss Edith Kingdon (now Mrs. George Gould, still young and beautiful although a grandmother) made her appearance in the famous and much-photographed tights, "Die Fledermaus," "Josephine Sold By Her Sisters," "Jacquette," "The Beggar Student," "Fatinitza," (introducing as a gay interpolation *"Du bist verrückt mein kind,"* the song that set friend Kaiser by the ears and turned the German stage upside down by its advice to all lunatics to go to Berlin where their affliction would pass unnoticed because everybody there is crazy!) "The Bellman," "L'Orrino," "The Lady or the Tiger," an opera of the moment based on Stockton's immortal story, "The Begum," "Prince Methusalem," "Boccaccio," "The May Queen," "Captain Fracasse," "Clover" and so many others that I feel like an encyclopedia of comic opera only to think of the list.

And then came a time when an impresario suggested a starring engagement. No marked reluctance on my modest young part met this engaging proposition, and I made my first stellar bow on May 5, 1890 in the chief comedy rôle in "Castles in the Air," at the Broadway Theatre. This was followed by "Wang," in which I played the title part with the unforgettably chic and delightful Della Fox provocatively saucy and alive with magnetism as Mataya. Then came "Panjandrum" in 1893, in 1894 "Dr. Syntax," which was a musical setting of Robertson's "School."

I MUST go back a season or two, now, and make a confession. So far as I know or have been able to learn from the recollection of old playgoers, it was upon the occasion of my farewell to the McCaull company, that I first debased the stage by introducing the *entr' acte* speech to the audience, a feature of my first and most of my following stellar appearances which has now become a regular part of most performances of musical farce. The establishment of a pleasant intimacy between the stage and the audience upon which the success of an impromptu address depends, is the sole excuse for this projection of personality into the abstract atmosphere of what we comedians are pleased to call our art and I offer this as a sort of apology for the speech before the curtain which seems to be looked upon nowadays as a part of every comedian's duty to his audience.

But to return (after this impromptu speech) to the reminiscence. A tour through the seasons of 1895-6 brought me down to April of the latter year which saw the first performances of Sousa's stirring "El Capitan," which was produced in Boston and for two years was my sole vehicle. And just before the "El Capitan" production came a momentary association with Joseph Jefferson, the happiest piece of professional good luck I have ever had—a bit of high fortune of which I shall speak later on.

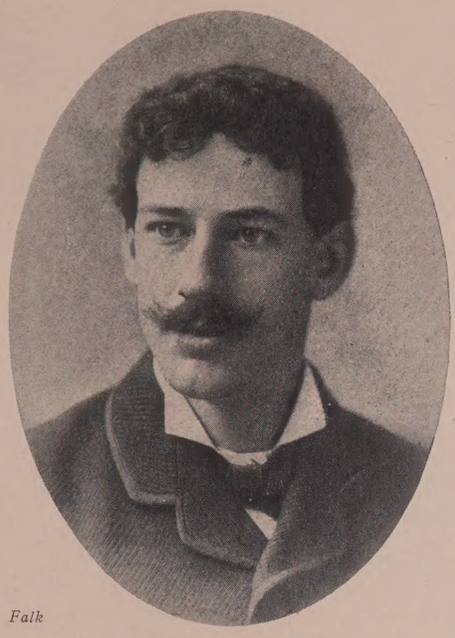
"El Capitan" took me across to London where I played a pleasant summer and autumn season at the Lyric and moved to the Comedy Theatre in December with "The Mystical Miss" (the title under which London audiences heard "The Charlatan"). Then came another memorable

engagement, rich in friendships and full of interest. This was my association with the old Weberfields company in the little music hall alongside Daly's now undergoing demolition on Broadway.

Two happy years with this unique organization, and then the siren voice that lures to the centre of the stage again whispered something that sounded like a starring tour in these two ears, and Charles and Manuel Klein, with Grant Stewart at their side, waved the script of "Mr. Pickwick" before me, and it was all over. I returned to the stellar ranks in 1903 at the Herald Square Theatre as Mr. Pickwick and continued in that part for two seasons. Followed a revival of "Wang," the perennial, and then came two seasons with "A Matinée Idol."

AS I look back over the list of productions made during these years (for as a star I appeared only in parts I created myself) I cannot say that I am able to boast of having contributed anything of deathless literary merit to the stage. Indeed, I think every comedian feels that dramatic authors fail to plumb the deeps of his soul or call upon his higher mental powers. I do not mention myself in the same eulogistic breath with which I speak the names of Raymond Hitchcock or Francis Wilson, to speak of but two out of many singing comedians who find themselves doomed to create mirth-inspiring characterizations with little material of literary value as the librettist's contribution to the entertainment. There is a no more erudite man on the stage to-day than Mr. Wilson, and Raymond Hitchcock's intellectual gifts are brilliant and lofty; but both these artists are loved for their happy buffoonery rather than admired for the rare qualities of mind with which they are endowed. This is because of the fact that in their most popular rôles they cover with a gloss of their own the shortcomings from a literary standpoint of the parts they play.

If it is true, as Macklyn Arbuckle says, that nobody loves a fat man, equally is it a fact that no librettist loves a comedian. But heaven sent to the lyric stage one author against whom this charge cannot be laid—I mean that super-librettist, super-wit and super-dramatist, William S. Gilbert. Heaven knows my lines have been cast in pleasant professional places, and I have no quarrel with any rôle I have ever been assigned.



Falk

DE WOLF HOPPER
In a rôle unfamiliar to the new generation of theatre-goers—Mr. Hopper as a young man

All have helped me, some have been most stimulating and inspiring, if I may say so, but never have I enjoyed any musical work as I did the incomparable privilege, May, 1911, when I became star of the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company under the direction of the Messrs. Shubert, to be turned loose to revel in the rôles created by that Shakespeare of musical comedy who collaborated with the late Sir Arthur Sullivan.

ODDLY enough I had never so much as seen "Pinafore," (and I believe I am the only actor in captivity who failed in this duty he owes himself and his profession) until I appeared as Dick Deadeye at the Casino in "Pinafore" with Fay Templeton and Marie Cahill as the Buttercups, Alice Brady as Hebe, Louise Gunning as Josephine, Henry E. Dixey as Sir Joseph, Eugene Cowles as Bill Bobstay and other artists of distinction rounding out a very happy cast. After the close of our engagement at the Casino in September, we made a tour in "Pinafore" and in the following May revived "Patience" at the Lyric Theatre in New York. In this esthetic opera I played the delicious rôle of Bunthorne while Cyril Scott, George MacFarlane, Eugene Cowles and Marie Doro in the title rôle lent a stellar atmosphere to the cast. "Patience" was followed by "The Pirates of Penzance," which lured that fine artiste, Miss Josephine Jacoby, from the Metropolitan Opera House to sing the rôle of Ruth, the absent-minded nurse maid, without whose presence no really comic opera is complete.

"The Pirates" was withdrawn at the height of its popularity to give place to "The Mikado," in which I was blessed with the finest comic opera rôle ever written for a comedian. Immortal Ko-Ko! What a part to play! What a joy to sing or speak the lines of Gilbert at his very best! If I were condemned to play forever a single comedy rôle I should pray that it might be Ko-Ko. As infinite as the jest and merriment of poor Yorick, is the happy fluent fun Gilbert has written into this rôle, which stands forth as the very best part I have ever played in comic opera and the one most enjoyed of all the musical rôles that have fallen to my lot.

Only twice have I enjoyed other parts with the full orbed pleasure it gave me, as it must give any comedian to play Ko-Ko. Once when with Augustus Thomas and Eugene Presbrey to guide my faltering syllables through the mazes of Shakespearean subtleties I was cast for the part of Marc Antony in "Julius Caesar" at the Lambs' Gambol—a performance I had the utter joy of repeating a season or two ago in San Francisco; of the other I shall later speak.

AFTER "The Mikado" had spent a season on tour a revival of Millocker's "Beggar Student" at the Casino preceded the regular Gilbert and Sullivan revivals which included "The Mikado," "Pinafore" and "Iolanthe." And then —and then—and then—this I write in my deepest voice—came the Movies, that lure to which all actors seem to succumb at least once in their lives.

Many features of what I may call life on the film are pleasant beyond words. And I feel like a traitor to many happy hours when I confess frankly as an actor an utter abhorrence of many things connected with the art of the screen. I dislike leaping like a mountain lamb from scene to scene backward. I dislike the mechanical construction of a film play which necessitates making each scene which transpires in the same environment at one time, without reference to the real unfoldment of the story. I mean it wounds my sense of dramatic unity to be obliged to die and finish the play (as in "Don Quixote") before I have appeared in the first act. Thus are plays screened; and the fine art of the film cutter who rearranges the pictures into a consecutive story, is a thing too big and wonderful for any but the profoundest respect. In a word, I found this disjointed inconsecutive and meaningless posing (*Concluded on page 256*)

White

In "The Yeoman of the Guard," the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta

White

As the Sergeant of Police in "The Pirates of Penzance"

THE WARDROBE MISTRESS

By HATTIE BEHNKE

IN CHARGE OF THE WARDROBE DEPARTMENT AT THE WINTER GARDEN

WHEN the first curtain rises on a spectacular musical production, the audience surveys the scenery with mild interest and begins to look for the girls—for with the opening number the most fascinating girls in their most beautiful gowns are sure to appear. They do appear, establish the first astonisher of the evening, and then disappear to change their clothes.

As the minutes slip by and the chorus and principals walk on and off the stage with almost mechanical precision—the audience begins to form an opinion of the entertainment, and between acts they discuss it in detail.

"Wasn't that a stunning chorus?" some man will say to the lady he takes to the theatre, and she, thinking of the dresses the girls wore, will tell him it was. They repeat the jokes of the comedian, criticize the leading lady's top notes—and then just before the next curtain, read their programs. Sometimes, if it happens to be the custom of the house to print it—they get as far as the names of the staff—the stage manager, the electrician, the wardrobe mistress. To those who do reach this list, the names mean nothing and are forgotten, for the people they represent never appear.

Back of the curtain line that night, however, the busiest people imaginable are the staff, and not the least of these is the wardrobe mistress.

IN defining just what the wardrobe mistress means to a big musical production you might almost say that she means everything. Naturally the star of the production gets the notices the following morning—but one hitch on the part of the wardrobe mistress and the star would either not appear or do so in her street clothes. When the gay morning glories troop off one minute only to appear as society buds ten minutes later—credit the wardrobe mistress—and credit her with ten minutes of flying fingers, of running about from one dressing room to another, and of standing anxiously in the wings searching for any defect in the costumes.

And after the opening night comes a long season of hard work—long hours, responsibility, close eye work that is never seen or credited.

The work of the wardrobe mistress seldom begins before the dress parades. The designing of the costumes is done away from the theatre where the play is to be produced, and the actual work of making the clothes is done by some theatrical costumer, the clothes of the principal women generally being the design and work of some famous modiste who can truthfully write New York, London, and Paris on her labels. When these dresses are delivered, they have to be tried on during a "dress parade," and each girl's clothes have to be marked with her name. These dress parades are held on the stage, with the designer, producer and stage manager making a critical audience. Each girl is inspected, and if the costumer has fitted the clothes perfectly the dress is turned over to the wardrobe department to be held in readiness for the dress rehearsal and opening night.

The dress parades, lasting as they frequently do, over a period of several days, gives the wardrobe mistress and her assistants plenty of time to get familiar with the clothes to be worn in the production, how they are to be put on, etc., etc. After a few seasons in a wardrobe department one can tell how a dress will look before it is worn, just as it is possible to tell at once which dresses will be hard to take care of. Also we know the first day, which members of the company will take care of their dresses, and which members will handle them roughly, causing frequent renewals and mending.

THE dress rehearsal and the first night are always to be dreaded. The dress rehearsal frequently means recasting, taking a girl from one number and placing her in another, or very possibly a changing of dresses, one girl looking better in certain coloring than another. And of these changes mean trouble and work for the wardrobe department—for once a costume leaves the hands of the costumers all changes have to be made by the theatrical management. Therefore, the machines run far into the night, and girls are cross at having to stand for additional fittings.

Nine times out of ten, the opening occurs out of town. That means packing thirty or forty theatre trunks, and leaving New York very early one morning. The theatre in the town picked as the "dog" is generally not very large, and frequently the architect who planned it never dreamed of a wardrobe department. So the wardrobe mistress and her helpers have to find some out-of-the-way spot in the theatre—unpack and distribute the dresses, and wait nervously till it is seven-thirty and time for the girls to start dressing.

The first scene costumes go easily enough, for there is plenty of time to adjust them. Then comes the scramble. Some girl is not sure which dress comes next. Another girl tears a piece of lace getting into her dress—while a third girl can't understand which hook goes in which eye. Nervous, hurried, they make foolish mistakes that are laughable—the second night—but become close to tragic during the first three hours.

However, the show does end, the last dress is put carefully away—and one settles down for the performances that will follow. The putting away of dresses, by the way, is a large item in the wardrobe department. The dresses are made so that they hang on loops and each dress has its own hooks and is covered. Just before it is worn it is taken from its place—sent to the girl who wears it, and when she steps out of the costume it is picked up and immediately put away. The next morning it is examined, and if in need of repair, sent to the mending room. At the Winter Garden, this is a large room, equipped with sewing machines, and the ten or twelve dressers spend part of each day busy with needle and thread.

SO much for the opening night, for while to the sophisticated, the show does not open till it reaches Broadway, everyone, from the staff to the chorus girls have gotten used to doing what they are supposed to do—and there is a mechanical efficiency that drives away hurry and fright. After the metropolitan opening, the play runs smoothly and the wardrobe mistress, and her women helpers, have nothing to do, outside of seeing that the girls get into their costumes always on time, but mend and mend and mend.

Theatrical costumes, contrary to general belief, are not made of heavy materials that last a long time. They are daintily made, of the very finest materials available, and if anything, their expensive texture makes them more perishable than the clothes owned by the average woman. And as these perishable clothes have to be worn for active work, and changed hurriedly, they cannot last unless every little rent is immediately mended. The average woman who owns a fine evening dress wears it perhaps ten times a season. The Winter Garden girls wear their dresses nine times a week.

The item of mending stockings alone, is something tremendous. There was a time when chorus girls had to suppply their own silk stockings, but to-day the management goes to one of the biggest manufacturers of hosiery and orders silk stockings that retail at six and seven dollars a pair. These stockings, just like every other pair of stockings, begin to show little holes after they have been worn a few times, and these holes have to be darned at once, while they are still little. In other words, for fifty chorus girls, each having three or four changes of stockings, two hundred pairs of stockings have to be looked over every day, and perhaps twenty per cent. of that number darned after the show has been going three weeks.

The same careful inspection has to be made of the shoes, only in this case it is cleaning, not mending that takes the time.

THE most difficult costumes to care for, however, are those owned by the principals and what we call the freak costumes. These latter costumes are really marvelous constructions, and meant to represent such objects as fountains, cocktails, Liberty Bells, etc., etc. They are carefully made and do not require as much care as an evening dress unless they should be broken, and then it is a case for the stage carpenter, for they are constructed, not made with a scissors and needle.

The principals' frocks are costly, and always perishable—only occasionally do they belong to the principals. Generally they are supplied by the management and must be cared for by the management, which, as they are of such costly materials, means an almost daily repair.

The one, never-ending source of trouble to the wardrobe mistress is the absent and missing members of the production. When, at two o'clock, we get word that a girl in a principal chorus number is ill—some other girl has to fill her place. It means getting a strange girl into a strange costume, and as she is sure to be excited, it is not easy.

In the case of an absent principal it is even more difficult. Of course, every member of the cast has an understudy, but every understudy has not a wardrobe. One of the most exciting instances was in a recent Winter Garden production where the principal woman objected to the costumes supplied her by the management, and bought her own clothing. That arrangement was all right until one night she was ill and one of the minor principals was called on to take her place. The dresses of the principal were elaborate and has been commented on numerous times by the

(*Concluded on page 256*)

Photos White

Jane Grey Thurlow Bergen

The young architect tells his fiancée that he knows her to be De Luxe Annie

Vincent Serrano Jane Grey

Jimmie discovers that Annie's intended is in reality a detective and urges immediate flight

SCENES IN THE MYSTERY PLAY "DE LUXE ANNIE" AT THE BOOTH THEATRE

(Myrtle) Anne Meredith (Polly) Ina Claire (Rex) Herbert Yost (Harry) Cyril Scott

Polly, serving as maid in a bachelor's flat, overhears Rex complaining that Myrtle, his fiancée, is so engrossed uplifting souls that she is cold to him. Polly suggests that Rex pretend he is caught in the toils of an adventuress. Myrtle will at once run to save him. Polly impersonates the siren. Myrtle again becomes interested in Rex, but too late. The young man is more impressed by Polly's charms and transfers his affections to her

SCENE IN "POLLY WITH A PAST" AT THE BELASCO THEATRE

THE STAGING OF "CHU CHIN CHOW"

By EDWARD FALES COWARD

A NEW stage-manager is in town, one from whom our theatre-going public may expect stage revelations of a beautiful and inspiringly imaginative character.

It was in the suite of rooms atop of the Manhattan Opera House, from which Oscar Hammerstein directed his grand opera campaign, that I first met Lyall Swete and got an initial glimpse of his practical methods.

On arriving at the theatre I found Mr. Swete in action. Regular rehearsals of "Chu Chin Chow," the approaching mammoth production at the Manhattan had not yet begun. The Englishman was trying out a possible understudy. She was a tall, athletic, handsome young woman of the Oriental type, for "Chu Chin Chow" has the East for its *locale*. She was in earnest and so was Mr. Swete, who, minus his coat, was giving her the cues and polishing up the values of her dramatic rejoinders. The echoes rang with threats of murder and revenge. He is a good reader and why shouldn't he be? He has been thirty years on the stage and ten of these were spent as an actor in the support of Sir F. C. Benson, than whom none has done more in the development of fine players, actors of intelligence and accomplishment.

Mr. Swete is a big man, well over six feet. His frame is massive; but what is particularly impressive is his jaw. It is the epitome of suggested firmness and decision. But a sweet and encouraging smile is constantly playing over the features, and the natural voice, suave and gentle, possesses a crescendo of detonating power. When he threatened death for the young woman there was power enough in the tones to have dominated the recesses of a Madison Square Garden.

The rehearsal was over. Mr. Swete, visibly embarrassed, proceeded to outline his life's history.

"I wish to, at least, convince you," he said, "that I am a modest man. In England there is little opportunity given for self-exploitation. Therefore I wish at the beginning to state that I am not come to your hospitable shores as the exponent of any revolutionary stage policy, or as one convinced of an ability to outshine others in my particular line of activity. I know already what your stage managers can do and for your dean David Belasco I entertain all that proper reverence due to a leader in the field.

"The play which I have come here to stage is called 'Chu Chin Chow.' It is at present the current attraction at His Majesty's in London. Hitherto the run record at the theatre which the late Sir Herbert Tree presided over with such artistic distinction, was held by 'Henry VIII,' which had 254 performances. 'Chu Chin Chow' has now been acted more than 430 times and in your vernacular 'is still going strong.'

Bangs

LYALL SWETE

Who has come from England to direct the mammoth spectacle "Chu Chin Chow"

"This new piece is a difficult one to classify. It is a peculiar combination of poetry, fantasy, pantomime, beauty, burlesque and drama. It was written by Oscar Asche, the well-known actor; lyrics, dialogue, story and action, framed by him as a logical successor to 'Kismet' in which he scored such a big London success. Frederick Norton has composed the music for the piece which, through the liberality of the American producers, will be presented on a scale of lavish magnificence, greater even than that with which the English original was invested. My parting words to Asche were: 'I'm going to better your production if such a thing is possible."

"About myself?" he said. "Well, there is one thing I am proud of. In the thirty years I have been associated with the stage I have never been out of an engagement. I began with one of the old-time manageresses, Sarah Thorne, but the formulative part of my career was with Benson. Ten years I spent with him, beginning humbly and winding up as Iago to his Othello. Anyone who has spent a decade with that splendid man and discriminating manager must have learned something. I'm more than grateful for the part 'Sir F. C.' had in bringing me to the front. Ten years at the Haymarket in association with Frederick Harrison next followed. Most of the plays presented under that régime were of the modern type, but 'The Pretenders,' by Ibsen, we gave in a manner that convinced me, my originality and imagination was not without a practical value. I think I emphasized this further when I staged 'The Blue Bird' by Maeterlinck. At the time it was one of the greatest successes of the period, artistic and financial. Anyway, I succeeded in pleasing the author, for he was kind enough to give me a piece of silver inscribed 'To the Soul of the Bluebird.' Lately I have been laboring under Oscar Asche's banner.

"As I prefaced my talk with the remark that 'I was really a modest man,' I'm afraid all this sounds egotistical. Still if you will insist I'll further say that in dealing with actors and actresses, naturally the most sensitive people in the world, I try to eliminate the suggestion that I am anything approaching a Tin God. Again against the charge of boasting, I can safely say I never lose my temper nor do I swear at the performers. I try to get their friendship. Bullying accomplishes nothing. I don't mean by this I am not firm," the click of that jaw was all the affirmation that was required, "but I find that a kindly appeal, with a little helpful suggestion on the

(*Concluded on page* 256)

Scene in "Chu Chin Chow" which met with phenomenal success abroad and is soon to be presented here

Bangs

VAST OUTDOOR GREEK THEATRE AT ROSEMARY, THE BEAUTIFUL ESTATE OF MR. ROLAND CONKLIN AT HUNTINGTON, L. I., WHERE A GREAT PAGEANT OF THE PRESENT WAR WILL BE GIVEN OCTOBER FIFTH FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE RED CROSS

PAGEANTS historic and pageants emblematic have, from time to time borrowed mediæval pomp and panoply to picture fine deeds of the past and inspire high endeavor in the present. But never has the pageant patriotic been spread before us with such splendor and vividness, such gripping pomp and circumstance as will mark the mammoth Red Cross Benefit for which the whole dramatic and musical stage of New York, linking hands with the screen and its stars, has volunteered its enthusiasm and its services. This great spectacle "The Rosemary Red Cross Pageant" will be fittingly staged in the vast outdoor Greek theatre on the Long Island estate (Rosemary) of Mr. Roland Conklin, at Huntington.

To the magnificent symbolism of this vast pageant, the most important stars of the theatre, the opera and the screen have brought their services to Mr. Davison's Pageant Committee which includes with many others the names of Ethan Allen, Mrs. Robert Bacon, Mrs. W. P. Draper, Mrs. August Belmont, Paul D. Cravath, William Faversham, E. H. Sothern, Evan Evans, Daniel Frohman, Paul Meyer, Cornelius N. Bliss, Jr., and Mrs. Bliss, and Major Wallace McCutcheon, the first young American actor to throw himself into the great war with a distinguished bravery that won him an officer's epaulettes and many wounds. Mr. Davison himself is also a member of this general committee.

To this committee so many players of distinction have offered their services, that the Casting Committee finds itself able to provide even the mobs with great bodies of noted actors and actresses. A list of these artists comprises the names of almost every player at present in this locality. To mention only a few of the players of nation-wide fame who will appear, there may be noted Mme. Alda, Miss Mary Garden and John Philip Sousa as heading the many volunteers from the musical world, with Misses Blanche Bates, Ethel Barrymore, Hazel Dawn, Constance Collier, Frances Starr, Helen Ware, Edith Wynne Mathison, Edith Taliaferro, the Nash sisters, Mme. Alla Nazimova, Julie Opp, George Arliss, John Barrymore, Holbrook Blinn, Robert Edeson, William Faversham—and in short, every star and "mere player" in or around New York

Ira L. Hill

JOSEPH LINDON SMITH and THOMAS WOOD STEVENS

The authors of the "Rosemary Pageant." Mr. Stevens is also the director

Vaudeville will contribute such favorites as Jack Wilson, Kitty Gordon, Paul Swan, William Rock, Frances White and a long list of other notables who have offered their services to Mr. Stevens, who is assisted in the actual work of the pageantry by a committee including Mrs. John Alden Carpenter, Paul Chalfin, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Prince Pierre Troubetskoy and other successful directors of former pageants. Mr. Stevens, who is President of the American Pageant Association and has written and produced many successful spectacles, owns that never in the history of pageantry in America have so great a company and so thrilling a story joined hands in a symbolic spectacle as in the Rosemary Red Cross Pageant.

The spectacle itself (which will be filmed in its public performance and shown for the benefit of the American Red Cross all over the world) is in two parts. The first shows symbolic tableaux representing achievements of the great allied nations; and the second is a closely knit magnificently dramatic narrative of the whole war up to the present moment. It dramatizes the Russian revolution and reaches its climax with the entry of America into the struggle for world freedom, and her pledge to the nations.

AMERICA'S FIRST GREAT WAR PAGEANT

RICHARD MANSFIELD'S REAL SELF

By W. A. STANLEY

PART II

PROBABLY no actor had the limelight so closely focussed upon his private and stage life as Richard Mansfield. His irascibility of temper, his numerous eccentricities furnished endless material for anecdotes.

At the Academy of Music in Baltimore the engineer was named George, who, among his activities, conducted a small florist's plant in the country. Inspired by the desire that always actuated every theatre employé to stand well, if possible, with Mansfield, he talked over with his wife the idea of putting a little bunch of roses in Mansfield's dressing-room on the opening night of the production of "Henry V."

Shortly after seven Mansfield arrived from his hotel, and as he entered his dressing-room spied the flowers.

"Ah!" he exclaimed to his dresser. "Where'd they come from?"

"I've no idea, sir," was the answer. "I found them here when I arrived."

"Strange!" muttered Mansfield, divesting himself of his street garb. "Very strange!" No card?"

"No, sir."

"No note, or anything?"

"No, sir."

"Very strange! But very charming! Most thoughtful!" and he buried his face in the fragrant blossoms, after which he dressed for his first entrance.

IN due time George had occasion to enter Mansfield's dressing-room to see if the radiator was working properly.

"Do you know anything about these flowers here on my dressing-table, my good man?" inquired Mansfield, working the grease paint into his face.

"Yes, sir," quietly replied the engineer.

"You do? Where did they come from?"

"I put them there, sir."

"You did? How's that?"

Why, you see, Mr. Mansfield, I have a little hothouse out at my home in the country, and knowing how fond of flowers you are, my wife and I thought it would please you to have a little bouquet on your dressing table."

Mansfield sprang up from the chair, wheeled about, and seized the man by the hand.

"I think that's awfully sweet of you, my good man, awfully sweet, and good, and kind! It pleases me. It delights me! I must do something for you—let me see—what can I do for you? Ah, I have it! See here! I am very near-sighted; and the people crowd the entrances so they block the passage from my dressing-room! Will you just station yourself at my dressing room door, and when I am entering, or leaving, won't you clear a passage and keep it open so I'll not be obstructed? Do this every night throughout the week, please."

Every night George acted as passage-clearer, herald, courier, or whatever you please to call it; and every night he put a fresh bouquet on the dressing-table. Saturday night as he was leaving the theatre Mansfield asked for him, and put a sealed envelope into his hand. Opening it George found a fifty-dollar bill.

Aubrey Boucicault was authority for the following:

"It was during the production of 'The Merchant of Venice.' I was the Bassanio and old man Griffith was playing Gobo. We dressed together. It was a very hot night and Griffith is very fat. We had just gone to our dressing-room to change for the next act when there was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" I called.

"Joe Dillon entered and said: 'Mr. Mansfield presents his compliments and requests, Mr. Griffith, that hereafter you'll perspire less freely!'"

ONE Sunday Mansfield had his private car attached to a fast train from Philadelphia to New York, and invited several friends to dine with him on the trip. Just as the soup was being served, the car gave a lurch around a corner and the waiter deposited the contents of a plate in Mansfield's lap. Everyone looked to see the wrath of the player vent upon the unfortunate waiter. Instead he said very calmly:

"Go and find the train conductor and send him to me."

When the conductor entered his car Mansfield inquired:

"How fast do you think we are going?"

"About sixty miles an hour," was the reply.

"My, my!" sighed Mansfield, turning to his dinner. "I'm afraid my guests will contract dyspepsia eating so fast!"

One summer at New London, Mrs. Dr. Loring, of Washington, was sick unto death, and her friends were summoned to her room to bid her farewell. Among them Mansfield.

"Do you know," he said, sitting by her bedside, "I can't make up my mind that you are not going to get well?"

Mrs. Loring sadly shook her head, saying that she could not encourage him in such a belief, as the physicians held out no hope.

"But I'm sure you will!" insisted Mansfield. "And so much do I want to inspire that hope in you that I'm going to make a compact with you, to give a performance the next time I am in Washington to celebrate your recovery! I'll turn the theatre over to you for a matinee, I'll play any rôle in my repertoire you elect, and you shall fill the house with your friends, and we'll make merry over your restoration!"

SURE enough Mrs. Loring did recover; but she quite forgot Mansfield's pledge. He didn't forget it, however; for upon his next engagement in Washington he called and reminded her of his promise; the afternoon was chosen, the tickets sent to friends, and it was a memorable gala afternoon, with Mrs. Loring's box decorated with flowers by Mansfield, and the player the recipient of a demonstration unsurpassed in his career.

One night at a performance of "A Parisian Romance," at the old Grand Opera House, in Washington (now Chase's theatre), after the end of the second act an usher passed down the aisle and halted beside a gentleman, saying:

"Mr. Mansfield would like to see you in his dressing-room."

"But I don't know Mr. Mansfield. You've made a mistake," protested the party.

"No, sir. I've not made a mistake. He asked to have *you* come to his dressing-room."

The gentleman's wife urged him to comply, although she herself felt a mistake had been made; and so he arose and followed the usher to the stage and into the star's dressing-room. There he found Mansfield pacing up and down, and wringing his hands.

"My dear sir!" exclaimed Mansfield, face distorted, his voice shaken with anger. "You'll excuse me, sir! You'll excuse me! But this performance will have to come to a termination if the lady who is beside you does not refrain from wriggling that yellow feather in front of me!"

The man smiled, promised Mansfield the fan would be less active, returned to his seat, and the curtain was wrung up.

During an engagement in Cincinnati, Mansfield's special, run up from his temporary dwelling at Fern Bank nightly, was almost an hour late, and the audience was kept in nervous suspense by the curtain failing to rise. Finally the manager stepped to the front and announced:

"Mr. Mansfield has just entered the theatre. The locomotive hauling his private car up from Fern Bank ran off the track, and thus his punctual habits have been disarranged. As soon as he has made up the curtain will rise. He presents his compliments and craves a few moments' additional indulgence."

The fact was that Mansfield, entertaining some visitors in a walk in the country during the afternoon, had entirely forgotten the hour, and did not reach his car on returning from the stroll until an hour after the locomotive arrived to haul it to town. They were discussing some theme of ethics and mental philosophy, and Mansfield became so wrapt in the topic that he prolonged his walk longer than he intended.

OTIS SKINNER is responsible for the following:

"I was rehearsing 'The Harvester' in Chicago, and Mansfield was producing 'Julius Caesar' at the same time. I knew he was stopping at the same hotel, and one morning there was a rap at my door. Opening it I found Mr. Dillon.

"'Mr. Skinner,' he said, 'Mr. Mansfield presents his compliments, and says that as you and he have never met, shall he call upon you, or will you call upon him?'

"As I have my family with me," replied Skinner, "I think perhaps I would rather have Mr. Mansfield call upon me."

In about an hour there came another rap at the door, and Mrs. Skinner opening it found Mansfield standing there. She welcomed him and he entered, quickly spying Miss Cornelia, Skinner's little daughter, to whom he at once addressed himself, taking her on his knee, telling her about his son at home in New York, and coddling and hugging the little miss until he fairly smothered her.

When Skinner came in he promptly insisted that a box must be put at the disposal of the family on Saturday afternoon. "But," he insisted, "it is for Miss Cornelia! It's a theatre party I'm going to give to *her*. Her papa and mamma can come along, but the party and the box are *hers*, remember!"

So it was arranged and the two men fell to talking "shop."

"Have you seen my 'Brutus'?" inquired Mansfield.

Goldberg

ADOLF BOLM

The Russian dancer who, with his Ballet Intime, has been giving performances for the benefit of the American Ambulance in Russia

Apeda

MARGARET CRAWFORD

Who lectured at the Annual Convention of the American National College of Dancing at the McAlpin recently

White

ARLINE CHASE

In "Leave It to Jane," it was left for dainty Arline to run off with the dancing honors

De Strelecki

ROSHANARA

The grace and artistry of whose dancing made her stand out prominently in the Ballet Intime at the Booth recently

ON WITH THE DANCE, SAYS BROADWAY

"No," replied Skinner. "I never had that pleasure."

"You've played in 'Julius Caesar'?"

"Yes," said Skinner, "I played it with Booth and Barrett; but I never did 'Brutus'."

"What do you think of the part, anyway," asked Mansfield.

"I think it is a great rôle," replied Skinner.

"Do you?" said Mansfield. "I think he's an old fool. Anyway I know I'm an old fool in the part! But how do you suppose I came to put on 'Julius Caesar'?"

"Haven't any idea. How?"

"Why, last year Mrs. Mansfield took a cottage on the Thames at Twickenham, and I went over to pass my vacation. One day I went into London to pay a call on Sir Henry Irving, and while we were chatting in his rooms in the Lyceum Theatre he said to me:

"'I've got a set of Roman scenery upstairs, Mansfield, that Sir Alma Tadema painted for me for my production of "Coriolanus." That, you remember, wasn't much of a success, and I've got that scenery laid away in storage. Why don't you buy it? I'll give you a bargain in it.'"

"'Let's go look at it,'" I said.

"So we went into the storehouse and he had the scenery put out for my inspection. It was magnificently done, a great work of art! I asked him what he wanted for it. He told me and I took it on the spot, for it was the greatest bargain I'd ever seen! Then after I had it what was I going to do with it? There wasn't a thing in the world I could use it for except some Shakespearean Roman play, and conscience knows there wasn't a thing Roman in Shakespeare that I could possibly put on but 'Julius Caesar.' So I chose that for this season. Not that I can play it, for I can't. Between you and me I know I'm the limit as 'Brutus'; but I'm doing the part just to use up an old job lot of second-hand scenery that I bought of Irving!"

And Mansfield roared over the absurdity of the situation.

Saturday afternoon a box at "Julius Caesar" was duly decorated for Miss Cornelia Skinner, in which she occupied the place of honor, a big box of candy in her lap, handed her by Mr. Dillon "with Mr. Mansfield's compliments."

She was chaperoned by her parents, and Skinner had a chance to see Mansfield play what he termed "that old fool 'Brutus.'"

One night the audience at the New Amsterdam Theatre was much surprised to see Mansfield present himself before the curtain, his make-up entirely removed as usual, but on his face the most amused expression as he bowed his thanks to the vast house. Usually his countenance wore such a bored look that to see him actually smiling quite amazed people. The reason never passed beyond the curtain; but his mirth arose from overhearing one stage hand remark to another, as he washed off the paint in the wings:

"Keep a-shaking! Keep a-wiggling that curtain! Don't you know the Governor's orders! Nivver let up on shaking of it until he kin get his face washed and git out there."

Mansfield caught the remark and burst into a guffaw, and the remnants of it wreathed his face as he stepped in front.

One night at Albaugh's Lyceum Theatre word came front that the house would have to be dismissed, as Mansfield declared he'd not proceed with the play.

Albaugh went to his dressing-room and knocked.

"Come in!" came Mansfield's voice.

Entering, Albaugh found his star striding up and down, wrapped in his overcoat, his teeth chattering, his face dark with a frown.

"What's the matter?" inquired Albaugh.

"Matter!" shouted Mansfield. "Matter! Why, sir, this house is insufferably cold. I'm frozen to the marrow! My teeth actually refuse to behave themselves. How do you suppose art can live in such a temperature? Dismiss the house! I'll not proceed! I am freezing! It is infamous to subject me to this horror! My God! Now I can comprehend what it means to die of cold! Now I feel a slight wavering in my horror of perdition!"

And thus he went on, piling up one string of protests after another until he had exhausted himself.

"Oh, I'll send and get you a good stiff drink of whiskey, and you'll be all right," answered Albaugh.

He did, Mansfield drank it, raved a little longer, then cast aside his overcoat, and with a heavy sigh said:

"Oh, well! Since you will make a martyr of me, ring up! I'll submit. But it's infamous, sir, infamous! What a life! It's more fraught with hardships than that of a sailor before the mast!"

The play went on.

One afternoon while rehearsals of "Monsieur Beaucaire" were progressing at the Criterion Theatre, I met the player on Broadway. I noticed that he was in a bad humor, denoted by the contracted eyes, flushed face, and the rapidity of his stride, but thought to at least halt him, shake his hand, and make some pleasant, friendly remark.

"Hello, Mansfield!" I exclaimed. How are you?"

"Well." was the curt answer.

"That's good. When are you going out?"

The small, beady eyes contracted still more, and through the half-closed lips came the hissing remark:

"You mean when am I going to *leave?* I do not like your way of putting it! I am *leaving* on the sixteenth of the month!"

The conversation terminated abruptly. After the opening in Philadelphia I sent Mansfield a telegram, (as had always been my wont at every new production), (*Concluded on page* 256)

WHO'S NOT WHO

By HAROLD SETON

PLACE: The Gallery of a Theatre.

TIME: 7:45 P. M.

(*Enter Mayme McGinnis and Saidie Sullivan, both of whom are employed at Lacy's, Mayme at the glove counter and Saidie in the millinery department. They wear high-heeled shoes, very short skirts, transparent waists, and rhinestone combs, earrings, pins, bracelets and rings.*)

MAYME: Oh, my Gawd! There ain't a soul in the place!

SAIDIE: Well, it's better to be too oily than too late!

MAYME: Let's see the programme! Oh, there's four acts! Ain't that grand? And every scene is different! That's what I like!

SAIDIE: And all swell guys, you can tell by the names! Give me high-toney drama every time! My sister says it's a liberal education to see a society play, to study the way they walk, and talk, and everything!

MAYME: Mrs. Fiske is grand in society plays!

SAIDIE: Ain't she though! I seen her in "Come Out of the Kitchen!" She was classy, all right! John Drew was the leading man!

MAYME: I only seen him once! That was in "The Yellow Jacket!" You couldn't tell what he looked like! He was supposed to be a Chink!

SAIDIE: John Drew is Elsie Janis's uncle! Did you know that?

MAYME: Of course, I did! Where do you think I live? In Brooklyn?

SAIDIE: Half of the actors and actresses is related, by marriage or divorce, or somehow!

MAYME: William Faversham is married to Grace George, and David Warfield is married to Jane Cowl!

SAIDIE: I was only reading in the paper the other day about the happy home-life of George M. Cohan and Anna Held! And then there's Billie Burke married to her manager, Charles Dillingham!

MAYME: Some matches seems kind of peculiar, like Geraldine Farrar and Julian Eltinge! And Valeska Suratt and Forbes-Robertson!

SAIDIE: Some actresses marries millionaires, and gets into the 400! There's Mrs. August Belmont, used to be May Irwin!

MAYME: And Mrs. Gould, used to be Marie Dressler!

SAIDIE: It's queer Nora Bayes ain't never married! Nor Lillian Russell neither!

MAYME: Well, some folks likes to be free and independent! That's why Nat Goodwin stayed a bachelor, and De Wolf Hopper too!

SAIDIE: Frances Starr is stuck on Raymond Hitchcock! When he was with her in "Hit-the-Trail Holliday" you could see by the way she looked at him, awful spooney-like! The same way with Margaret Anglin in "Fair and Warmer!" Them love-scenes with Douglas Fairbanks wasn't no play-acting, take it from me!

MAYME: Aw, but after all, nobody can hand out the mush like Lou-Tellegen! Say, when I seen him in "Peg o' My Heart," with Ethel Barrymore, I was just wild about him!

SAIDIE: Julia Marlowe is awful cunning too! She was a scream in "Good Gracious, Anabelle!"

MAYME: Well, my favorite one of all is Kitty Gordon! She's artistic, that's what she is! Her and Ted Shawn makes a ideal couple, and don't you forget it! Their pictures is in all the magazines, posed real Oriental, fixed up like cosy-corners, or just with veils on!

SAIDIE: Gee whiz, it's going to begin! The house has all filled up! Don't the time pass quick when a couple of girls gets together and chews the rag about actors and actresses? Believe me, I could simply die talking about the theatre!.....

Photos White

Marjorie Rambeau and Ralph Kellard in "Eyes of Youth" at the Maxine Elliott

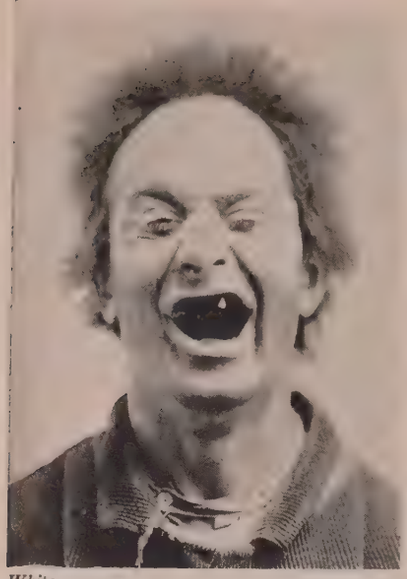
Eugene O'Brien, Donald Gallaher, Marian Coalsley and Alexandra Carlisle in "The Country Cousin"

Ralph Herz and Elizabeth Murray in "Good-Night, Paul" at the Hudson

Edith Hallor and Robert Pitkin in "Leave It to Jane" at the Longacre

CURRENT PLAYS ALONG THE RIALTO

IN THE SPOTLIGHT



White

BLUCH LANDOLF

WHEN Bluch Landolf made his exit after Bud Snyder's bicycle act on the opening night at the Hippodrome he fainted. He shouldn't have taken the matter of his performance so seriously for his name wasn't on the programme. But Bluch is an artist in his line of pantomime. He reveres his profession as a man is likely to do if literally born in it. And Bluch was, for he was born in one of the green wagons in which acrobatic performers travel about Germany giving performances in each town. If you don't see his name on the "Cheer Up" programmes you will know him for his quiet but unctuous humor, by his tousled red hair, his ill-fitting clothes and his fadeless smile. He has played in practically every country as an acrobat.

Sarony

CLARA JOEL

As the vampire in "Business Before Pleasure"

White

MACEY HARLAM

MACEY HARLAM'S manager sent for him and said: "I understand you're doing good work downstairs." Thereafter his Saturday envelope held an extra half a hundred dollars. Mr. Harlam is a reformed villain. No intention of disparaging Mr. Harlam's private life. The allusion is to his stage creations. Having played a French-Canadian desperado in "The Call of the North," a promotor of South American revolutions in "U. S. Minister Bedloe" and "Soldiers of Fortune" and "The Ne'er Do Well," an East Indian spy in "Inside the Lines," a member of the Russian Secret Police in "The Yellow Ticket," and as a Babylonian clubman in "The Wanderer," he has made himself into a gentle Hindu in "The Eyes of Youth."

CLARA JOEL was a society girl of Jersey City, when she was discovered by a woman who knew she saw beauty, and thought she descried dramatic talent in the girl from Jersey. "Do you want to go on the stage?" the woman asked. It was an important question because she was the wife of a manager. "No, I don't think so," replied the girl from Jersey. "The stage doesn't appeal to me." From which you may infer that at least one girl in the world was not stage struck. The manager's wife, convincing her that it is the most profitable profession for women, and that talent did exist in her, Miss Joel took to the stage. And she has never regretted it. She bought with her first week's salary a red silk sweater. She has added to her earned treasures some desirable jewels and an automobile. "And I've bought them all myself, if I am a stage vampire," she says. Before she charmed audiences in "Business Before Pleasure" she followed Jane Cowl in "Within the Law" and in "Common Clay" and succeeded Julia Arthur in "The Eternal Magdalene."

Sarony

BLANCHE YURKA

WHILE Jane Cowl was playing a bit in "Is Matrimony a Failure?" she became interested in a slender, blonde girl with an intellectual face and the kind of features that denote strong character. "You're a fine actress, Blanche Yurka," she said to her co-player. And I see you are ambitious. Some day you'll get your chance. If you don't get it before, I'll give it to you when my ship comes in." There being indisputable evidence that her ship has come in, Miss Cowl having become a star and playwright and producer, she engaged for the leading rôle in her play, "Daybreak," the girl whom she remembered. Who says woman is never woman's friend? Miss Yurka was playing with Frank Keenan in "The Pawn" in Chicago when the summons came. She obeyed it. The actress was seen in New York last season in a lesser part in "The Silent Witness." She has been well schooled in stock.

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

SHUBERT. "MAYTIME." Play with music in four acts. Book and lyrics by Rida Johnson Young, score by Sigmund Romberg. Produced on August 16, with this cast:

John Wayne	Richard Morgan
Colonel Van Zandt	Carl Stall
Ottillie	Peggy Wood
Richard Wayne	Charles Purcell
Matilda Van Zandt	Edith Wright
Alice Tremaine	Laura Arnold
Matthew Van Zandt	William Norris
Claude Van Zandt	Douglas J. Wood
Maria	Grace Daniels
Rudolfo	Arthur Albro
Lizzie	Maude Odell
Madame Delphine	Rose Winter

"MAYTIME," at the Shubert, has so slight a plot, and is so filled with episode and obvious theatrical expedients to piece out with, that it is astonishing what charm it has.

It is the perfume of love that supplies the charm, love, in this case, that lasted two parted lovers over three generations. As a matter of fact the affairs ante-dating the twenties are customarily remembered with a touch of sentiment, now and then, but almost always with wonderment that one could have loved the now vinegary-faced woman or the round-paunched man now of business.

But in a play one does not need to get vinegary or to fill out at the middle. Life-long loves, when either the man or the woman is married to some other person, are contradictory to the almost universal experiences of life itself. However, the theme is often used in plays and always pleases.

The girlish daughter of one of the first families in New York—the story beginning in 1840—loves and is loved by a youthful apprentice in her father's cooperage shop. She is forced to marry a rake of fortune and family. In the love-making of the early scenes the two plant a sapling of an apple tree, which in the following acts has its degrees of growth and its blossoms give forth the aroma of sentiment when the two meet years later. Then there is a song, *"Will You Remember?"* that sings its way through the play while the tree is doing its sentimental part.

The lovers meet fifteen years later at an entertainment at the house of a fashionable friend of the woman (the eternal girl), on which occasion P. T. Barnum furnishes the artists. Mr. Barnum was episodically entertaining. Next they meet in the Eighties. The eternal girl's furniture—that of the fashionable old home—is to be auctioned off. The lover, now an old man, buys the painting of her in her youth amid the apple-blossoms. An episodic auctioneer is entertaining in the midst of this wreck of the home.

We now reach the Twentieth Century. The girl of the apple-blossoms, reduced to having a dressmaking establishment, old indeed now, and fortunately not exhibiting herself; but she exhibits her dresses on living models. The idea and the effect still have the aroma of youth and *"Will You Remember Me?"*

William Norris plays a Van Zandt, whom we became acquainted with in the first act, now in his nineties and amorous of women. Well played, but indelicate.

The company is excellent. Peggy Wood, charming in voice and appearance, appears in the different periods and phases of the luckless, loving girl. She alone will give a life-long life to "Maytime."

Charles Purcell, as the apprentice lover, Rose Winter, Maude Odell, and others help the forcefulness and versatility of the "play with music."

Rida Johnson Young has more than adapted the original, while the production generally is in good hands.

BOOTH. "BALLET-INTIME." With Adolf Bolm, Roshanara, Ratan Devi and Michio Itow. Produced on August 20.

ADOLF BOLM'S "Ballet-Intime," which recently appeared at the Booth under the auspices of the American Ambulance in Russia, is intimate, I presume, because it is small. It includes Roshanara's familiar vaudeville offerings and one or two of the dances Michio Itow and Tulle Lindahl performed at the Comedy one afternoon last winter. Ratan Devi sings some of her remarkable gibberish. The oft-repeated refrain of one song sounded to me something like "Rum-tiddity-bum-bum-more-Rialto," which—if you like that sort of thing—is very good, indeed; but if you don't care for it, you are likely to consider it—well, merely Ratan. Mr. Bolm was at his best in an Assyrian dance and an arrangement from "Prince Igor." The Danse Macabre" was especially picturesque, a sort of miniature "Masque of the Red Death."

Which latter, by the way, someone ought to make into a ballet, if it hasn't already been done.

HUDSON. "THE DELUGE." Play in three acts by Henning Berger. Adapted by Frank Allen. Produced on August 20 with this cast:

Stratton	William Riley Hatch
First Customer	William J. Phinney
Charlie	Clyde North
Frazer	Robert McWade
Another Customer	Guy Nichols
Adams	Frederick Perry
O'Neill	Henry E. Dixey
Nordling	Edward G. Robinson
Higgins	William Dick
Sadie	Pauline Lord

I WAS sorry "The Deluge" dissipated so quickly as I really wanted to see it again, something I cannot say of any other of the new pieces I have seen this season except "The Very Idea." It had distinct literary merit and it was superlatively well acted.

Although the setting was American, the interior of a saloon located in a city on the Mississippi, the spirit of the piece was distinctly continental, not to be wondered at since the author was a Swede, Henning Berger, who had, however, lived and worked professionally as a newspaper man in Chicago.

It was presented with all that intelligent care that marks the productions of Arthur Hopkins. Its one scene, a barroom, was typically appropriate. The cast could not have been bettered but it needed special audiences for the true appreciation of its somewhat mordant philosophy. Besides, the women, and they are prime factors in a popular success, will never care for realistic thunder storms that prevail over two acts, nor are they likely to enthuse over barroom verities.

The varied patrons of this saloon, regulars and stragglers, are marooned within its precincts by a cloudburst. Beneath the street level the flood threatens to drown them all like rats in the trap that is to be

cast into a tub of water. With death facing, there works a transformation in the characters of the doomed, and under the leadership of O'Neill, a lawyer, who quotes Shakespeare, Milton and the Bible, with equal volubility, a true humanitarian cult is established. But the heavens clear and with it dissipate the higher thoughts, sordid instincts return and with the exception of one stray daughter of Eve each harks back to the self he was before the flood.

Dixey was ideally delightful as the loquacious O'Neill, Robert McWade marvellously perfect as a grouch, William Riley Hatch graphically human as the saloonkeeper and Clyde North a bartender of universal appeal. Frederick Perry was earnest as a selfish speculator and Pauline Lord as the waif and stray, sounded a note of true sincerity. Edward G. Robinson, admirable as a Scandinavian inventor. William Dick, Wm. J. Phinney and Guy Nichols were all excellent.

Robert Edmund Jones designed the scene. The scope of his fine art was necessarily limited.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "Eyes of Youth." Play in three acts by Max Marcin and Charles Guernon. Produced on August 22 with this cast:

Asa Ashling	Charles Abbe
Kenneth Ashling	Donald Gallaher
Rita Ashling	Fay Wallace
Louis Anthony	Leonard Ide
Peter Judson	Ralph Kellard
Robert Goring	John H. Elliott
Paolo Salvo	George L. Romain
Gina Ashling	Marjorie Rambeau
A Yogi	Macey Harlam
Joan	Caroline Leonard
Picquard	Walter Armin
Goritz	Charles Hampden
Judge Singleton	Conrad Cantzen
Percival Blake	Walter Horton
Alfred Brooks	Joseph Adelman
Court Stenographer	William Tousey
Clarence Morgan	J. Harold Foley

LOOKING with eyes of youth at the Maxine Elliott, Miss Marjorie Rambeau saw her finish. To be exact, she saw three finishes. Yogi, Macey Harlam, gave her a crystal, and what she beheld therein was something terrible.

In one finish she became a school teacher, grew old, and lost her job. She said it was because she didn't know the new methods, but I strongly suspect the trustees fired her because she thought the singular of "species" was "specie." It was more than her lover could stand. He left her flat and took up with little sister, who—oddly enough—had not grown old. The moral is: Don't be an old maid school teacher.

Marjorie's second finish was much more exciting. She became a prima donna, frequented gilded palaces of sin, affected millionaire lovers, and spilled temperament all over the place. Young Donald Gallaher got so mad about it that he shot the impresario who started her on her glorious if noisy career. Donald was very positive about not wanting sister to be that sort of girl.

The third finish was nothing more nor less than an episode from Willard Mack's "Her Market Value," which was done in Chicago last season but got no further. Marjorie had married a rich suitor, and he divorced her on framed-up evidence. It was very shocking evidence at that. Luckily the case was tried in chambers. The regular courtroom would have had to put out the S. R. O. sign.

Thoroughly disgusted, Miss Rambeau took some dope and went to Rector's. There a kind-hearted detective offered to help her, but her really-truly lover came along and took her to his heart. Accordingly, when she got out of her third trance, she married the really-truly lover and sailed for South America, where there are no yogis.

This crude melodramatic vehicle gave Miss Rambeau a chance to show more versatility than usual, and she made much of her chance. Donald Gallaher and Macey Harlam were the other good actors.

I fear that "Eyes of Youth" need stronger lenses to correct them to normal than Dr. Max Marcin has prescribed.

COHAN. "This Way Out." Comedy in three acts by Frank Craven, founded on a story by Octavius Roy Cohen and J. U. Giesy. Produced on August 30 with this cast:

John Caldell	Charles Trowbridge
Joe Franklin	Frank Craven
Walter Simmons	Jed Prouty
Benny Gordon	Walter Baldwin, Jr.
Suki	David Burton
Bell Boy	Harold Grau
Mr. Watson	George Williams
Mr. Burbank	Charles Merriwell
Mrs. John Caldwell	Edith Lyle
Ethel Lane	Millicent Evans
Maude Leveridge	Grace Goodall

I FREQUENTLY question myself as to whether I am properly fit to review the hundred and one farces with which modern managers seek to amuse the public and incidentally part them withal from their shekels.

It is all very well, as is the custom these days, to sneer at Scribe and the school of well-made plays, but, after all, a farce is really nothing but a bit of applied mechanics, and if you have watched their formal articulation from "Le Voyage de M. Perrichon" down to "Nothing But the Truth," you have wasted your enforced education if after a study of the programme and ten minutes of exposition you cannot guess the ultimate conclusion. The novelty must reside in the originality the author gives to the familiar complications.

Thus it is that I cannot very enthusiastically subscribe to "This Way Out" at the Cohan Theatre. Originally a story by Octavius Roy Cohen and J. U. Giesy, published in *Munsey's,* Frank Craven has fashioned it into a farce for his personal exploitation. If a young woman advertises for a husband and a jocular friend signs to a response the name of a newly-married man it is not difficult to discern the so-called consequences.

Well, such is life and such is "This Way Out" of it. My principal objection to it is that it took a fearful amount of valuable time to get things started, the outcome of which was never very difficult to determine. It is redolent with the flavor of 42d Street and Broadway, a style of humor which can be overdone.

Frank Craven is a droll comedian, happier, I think, in character than in straight work. Once started he gathers in the needful number of laughs.

But the real humor is supplied by Grace Goodall who wants a husband. To a breezy personality she combines a fine sense of comic effect. Her Maude Leveridge is in every sense entirely satisfactory.

KNICKERBOCKER. Madame Sarah Bernhardt in repertoire. Presented on September 1.

FOR those who saw Sarah Bernhardt in the splendor of her early triumphal career there is no disillusionment in seeing her now with her physical movements restricted.

Her silvery voice is unbroken in its means of expression. while her artistry, her mentality and her emotional qualities are untouched by time and circumstance.

The public attitude of consideration for her need not be apologetic. Her loyalty to France is an added virtue.

It could not be expected that she should give her old plays in their entirety. But she should prosper in the form of entertainment arranged for her. She appears in scenes from the plays which she has made pecu-

liarly her own, among them, from "Jeanne D'Arc," the tribunal scene in which she battles for her life and her dreams, ideal and prophetic, against her pitiless judges.

The divine Sarah's heart is with France, just as the Maid's was. She uses a number of short plays in which France and its heroisms are exalted. "Le Vitrail," a slight but touching little expression of patriotism, is the simple story, fanciful and romantic, of a wife who secludes herself, vowing never to see the sunlight again until her husband returns from the war victorious. He does return, feigning to be mutilated, but the test finds her unchanged in affection.

Apart from what Bernhardt herself gives us, classic dances, gems of art in the way of living statuary, shadowgraphs and vocal and instrumental music fill out the performance. The superior excellence of these entertainers strikingly illustrates the perfection habitually achieved in every form of art by the French. There is no cheapness in that which is supplementary.

HUDSON. "Good Night, Paul." Musical farce in three acts. Book and lyrics by Roland Oliver and Charles Dickson, music by Harry B. Olsen. Produced on September 3 with this cast:

Mrs. Audrey Hayward	Audrey Maple
Madame Louise	Louise Kelly
Robert Hayward	Burrell Barbaretto
Paul Forster	Ralph Herz
Frank Forster	Frank Lalor
Elizabeth M. O'Brien	Elizabeth Murray

VERY Frenchy and more or less *risqué* is "Good Night, Paul," in which Mr. Ralph Herz presents himself to the playgoing public. It is a farce which occasionally burgeons into song, and it is all about brides and bedchambers.

Of course, there is a rich, eccentric relative who has to be fooled out of some money—100,000 francs, to be exact. If his brother Paul is married, Brother Frank (Lalor) will give him the cash; Paul, however, is not married, and so he takes his neighbor's wife. Frank thereafter busies himself seeing to it that Paul is really married.

Naturally, the neighbor, who happens to be Paul's partner, complicates matters. There is much climbing in and out of beds and windows, snoring duets by people who "sleep with their cut-outs wide open," sleep-walking, and door-slamming. "Good Night, Paul," in fact, feebly echoes a great series of French farces of the type that "Occupe-toi d'Amélie" most excellently represents.

The bursts of song are not much to speak of, with the exception of one catchy melody, *"Eenie Weenie,"* and a Mississippi River thing—with "Robert E. Lee" changed to "Henry Clay"—which gives Miss Elizabeth Murray a chance to do some coon-shouting in her very best manner. Mr. Herz has little to do in the way of song. Miss Audrey Maple and Mr. Burrell Barbaretto save him the trouble.

"Good Night, Paul" is reasonably amusing. It would be much improved if its chorus were amputated at once. And you have to be able to snigger at naughty suggestions to enjoy the piece fully.

GAIETY. "The Country Cousin." Comedy in four acts by Booth Tarkington and Julian Street. Produced on September 3 with this cast:

Mrs. Howitt	Julia Stuart
Eleanor Howitt	Marian Coakley
Sam Williams	Donald Gallaher
Nancy Price	Alexandra Carlisle
George Tewksberry Reynolds, 3d,	Eugene O'Brien
Stanley Howitt	Arthur Forrest
Athalie Wainwright	Louise Prussing
Mrs. Jane Kinney	Eleanor Gordon
Cyril Kinney	Donald Foster
Maud Howitt	Grace Elliston
Comm. J. Archie Gore	Charles Mackay
Pruitt	George Wright, Jr.
Blake	Albert Tavernier

THE authors, Mr. Booth Tarkington and Mr. Julian Street, meant well in "The Country Cousin," at the Gaiety. It was their good intentions, no doubt, that two Presidents of the United States, one actual, the other of a strenuous past, one by letter and the other from a box at a performance, meant to commend.

The play means well in that it converts a rich young idler, the social counterpart in peace of the slacker in war, to manhood. It means well in showing how amiable and altogether lovely a country cousin (not usually held in the esteem he or she should be) can be. In actual life this urban prejudice against the rural could not hold with Alexandra Carlisle as the country cousin.

This country cousin, thus incorporated,—the only one in the play that anybody can possibly take any particular interest in—follows *her* cousin, a giddy girl, to the city, uninvited and in order to mother her against her will. The pretty, giddy child has inherited a small fortune. Her father, still giddy himself at fifty, learns of it, and persuades her to leave her mother, from whom the father is divorced and who is remarried, and accompany him and her step-mother to the city to get a broader view of life. She does so. Father's work consists of helping himself by devious means to her money. Was it he or the step-mother that arranged with a jeweler to supply some pearls (or was it diamonds?) at an excessive price, the difference to be split?

The Country Cousin does spoil that game, and she does help to make a man of the slacker. Otherwise her spiritual influence was nil. She was not persuasive enough to induce the giddy girl not to take her first cocktail. But she did diffuse charm in the person of Alexandra Carlisle. That charm was felt, we believe, by one of the *roués* who received what was "coming to him."

The giddy girl is saved and is restored to the arms of a youthful snip of a lover whose ambition is to become President or at least a senator. This ambition is not likely ever to be gratified. The fashionables depicted were impossible, and they were as unnecessarily disagreeable as possible. But Alexandra, Alexandra from over the sea, was delightful.

39TH STREET. "Lucky O'Shea." Play in three acts by Theodore Burt Sayre. Produced on September 3 with this cast:

DeVigny	Gerald Pring
Vigner	William Wagner
O'Shea	Allen Doone
LaSalle	Robert Brister
Aubert	Leonard Willey
Rose McMichael	Edna Keeley
Abbe Duveen	Robert F. Davis
Thaddeus McMichael	Pat S. Barrett
Roderick O'Toole	Seth Smith
Phelim McNair	Edwin Burke
Nancy O'Dowd	Mary Kennedy
Danny McNabb	Maurice Lynch
Julius Cæsar McGinnis	Frank Cotter

ONCE again costume melodrama comes to us in "Lucky O'Shea," which Mr. Allen Doone is said to have brought all the way from Australia. It is a piece all about war and spies and the fiendish Prussian officer who is spurned by his fair captive and who in revenge marries her off to a humble gypsy prisoner.

Who is the gypsy prisoner? None other than Lucky O'Shea, the Gaelic-Gallic spy. Does the lady love her sudden husband? Well, naturally not in the start; but before the piece is over and he has saved her life and performed goodness knows how many chivalric exploits, including the wooing in disguise of his own wife, you can imagine her attitude toward Friend Husband undergoes

a distinct and favorable change.

The chief charm of the whole business is the atmosphere of Irish wit and humor—the kind that makes you grin and chuckle instead of guffawing to the rafters. Whether much of it isn't over the average head is another question. Of course, there is song as well, and Mr. Doone does most of the Chauncey Olcotting. I must confess, however, that he is a considerably better actor than he is a singer. He knows how to swagger—which is half the battle—and he is adroit at assuming a variety of identities.

Swatting the villain is one of the most popular indoor sports in our theatre, and Theodore Burt Sayre has accordingly provided three of them for Mr. Doone to land on. They appear early and often and get everything that is coming to them. All this much to the taste of the belle of Dublin, who couldn't keep out of the thick of the fighting.

Mr. Doone, I understand, is "presented" by Mr. Edward Allen (Doone). The producer has provided the star with a capable company, among whom Mr. Pat S. Barrett and Miss Edna Keeley distinguish themselves. The colorful costumes and some excellent scenery contribute largely to the interest.

LYRIC. "The Masquerader." Play in three acts by John Hunter Booth. Founded on the novel by Katherine Cecil Thurston. Produced on September 3 with this cast:

John Chilcote, M. P. John Loder	Guy Bates Post
Brock	Louis Calvert
Bobby Blessington	Gerry Cornell
Marie	Lurita Stone
Eve Chilcote	Thais Lawton
Peggy Forsythe	Georgia Mai Fursman
Allston	H. B. Fitzgibbon
Herbert Fraide	Clarence Handyside
Mr. Lakely	Ian Robertson
Lady Lillian Astrupp	Florence Malone
Robbins	Ruby Gordon
Lady Bramfell	Olive Temple
Lady Sarah Fraide	Gertrude Linton
Captain Galltry	James Moore
Lord Bramfell	William Podmore
Greening	Raymond Martin
Doctor	Edward Unger
Huskie	By Himself

TO make facts of improbabilities, to have the happenings unusual in ordinary experience, and to devise a story as remote as possible from the present war, taking one away from his preoccupation with it, seems a reasonable requirement of the moment.

A slight connection with the British Parliament and a reference to the present conflict do not affect this remoteness in "The Masquerader," a many-cylindered play, written by John Hunter Booth from a novel by Katherine Cecil Thurston, produced by Richard Walton Tully, and acted, for the most part, by Guy Bates Post.

With its romanticism, more or less superficial, but with tense melodramatic moments, it would serve for profitable entertainment, for that matter, at any time. The story of double identities, in farce, comedy and tragedy and melodrama, is as old as the Two Dromios, if not older, and can be listed easily by anyone familiar with the theatre. "The Prisoner of Zenda" at once suggests itself, and a choice remembrance of many is "The Lyons Mail," with Henry Irving's incomparable and unique performance. Here is the same commercial staple of the theatre, but with a difference.

The difference, even where similarities of detail exist, is in the treatment. In that respect the play has an excellence that amounts to originality. Without acquaintance with the novel the symptoms indicate that success has been gained chiefly through stagecraft.

Mr. Post is no less effective than would have been the master of idiosyncrasies. He is gracious and ingratiating in person and manners and art and will establish a permanent popularity in it, superficial as the play is in sentiment and facts. There is admirable skill in the manuscript, too. For instance, John Loder, a poor writer, who is to sustain the chief function in the action, has a small scar on one of his fingers, the bite of a wolf encountered by him in his adventurous life, Loder having been saved by his faithful dog. This scar is important. The scene in which, the dog present, Loder relates the experience is contrived with expertness.

Loder is the double of John Chilcote, a member of Parliament, married, a man of wealth, incapacitated and his career threatened by his addiction to drugs. In a London fog this unfortunate creature meets his cousin, his double, a wanderer, brilliant and fitted to take up the career offered to him. The play is what happens after the substitution of the one man for the other in the home. The drug addict has, in his degradation, neglected his wife for an intrigue with a woman of fashion, so that the wife's heart lies open to the newcomer, she yearning for a reconciliation. She thinks her husband has reformed. With a certain amount of superficial sentiment, danger of detection, final escape from publicity in the way of scandal, and a secret marriage with the cousin later on, with entire innocence of conduct up to that point, after the real husband succumbs to the fatal drug, you have the play. John Loder lives famous and happy as Chilcote, and Chilcote lies in a humble grave as John Loder.

Except for Louis Calvert as Brock, the faithful old family servant, the other actors and characters, for that matter, are not more than within measurable distance of Mr. Post. Of course such an agreeable and capable actress as Thais Lawton, as the wife, gives a full account of herself and does more than anyone else to give semblance to the sentiment.

BOOTH. "De Luxe Annie." Play in three acts by Edward Clark, based on a short story by Scammon Lockwood. Produced on September 4 with this cast:

Porter	Frank Bowens
Dr. Niblo	Albert Bruning
Van Herbert	Jack MacBride
Jordan Bell	Robert W. Smiley
Frank North	Russell H. Davis
De Luxe Annie	Jane Grey
Jimmie Fitzpatrick	Vincent Serrano
Cronin	Walter Wilson
Hal H. Kendal	Thurlow Bergen
Mrs. Archer	Mary Hall
Mrs. Gilmore	Minnie Milne
Cyrus Munroe	Percy Pollock
Joe	Jack MacBride
Dr. Standish	Robert W. Smiley
Jefferson D. Esmonde	Edward Mackay
Nurse	Susan Dowling

"DE LUXE ANNIE" is another mystery-surprise-crook melodrama, quite interesting as such things go, but notably deficient in the saving element of humor. The authors of the play and of the story have unpacked the showman's entire bag of tricks. A prologue and an epilogue in a Pullman car give the effect of a tale being told. After the prologue there is an "On Trial" flash-back to three weeks earlier when the badger game, the private detectives, the bloodhounds, and so on, get in their work.

An injury to the skull gives the young wife of an educated and respected citizen amnesia—which, by the way, a number of our well-known newspapers are beginning to learn is not the same thing as aphasia. Amnesia gives her the entrée to a life of crime, which she pursues with zest as "De Luxe Annie" until discovered by her husband and by means of a surgical operation restored to her pristine innocence and social rank.

(*Continued on page 242*)

Photos White

Grant Mitchell as John Paul Bart, the tailor's assistant

Lotta Linthicum, L. E. Conness, Minna Gale Haynes, A. P. Kaye, Mona Kingsley, Harry Harwood

Act II. Bart, having stolen Mr. Jellicott's evening clothes in order to appear properly dressed at Mrs. Stanlaw's smart function, Mr. Jellicott himself is forced to don a hired suit

Mona Kingsley — Grant Mitchell

Act II. As the cultured gentleman, John Paul Bart attracts Corinne Stanlaw

William C. Hodges, J. H. Greene, John A. Boone, Grant Mitchell and Gladys Gilbert

Act III. The tailor-made man, now an important person, meets a business crisis successfully

Barlowe Borland, Miss Linthicum, Miss Power

Act IV. The newspaper story of Bart's rise in the world brings his society friends to the tailor's shop

SCENES IN HARRY JAMES SMITH'S COMEDY "A TAILOR-MADE MAN"

THE SLACKER

By ELSIE JANIS

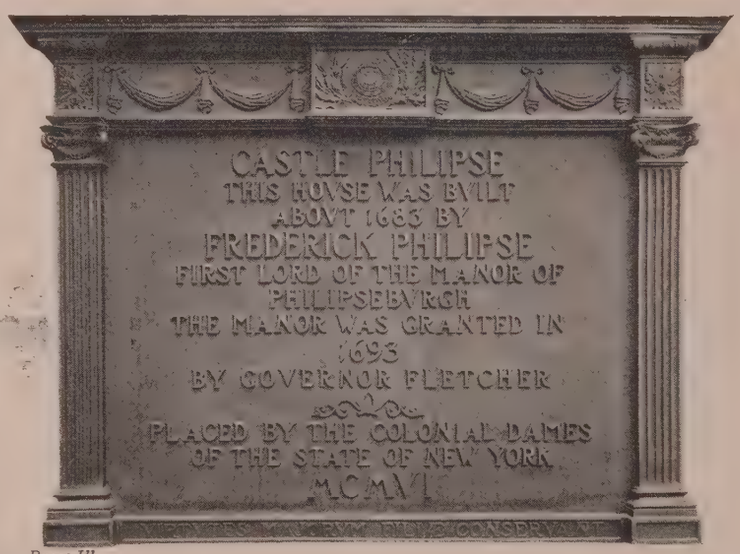
HE was only a little penny clerk
Before the war began
Just a clod of earthly common clay
That some folks call a man.
"Your King and Country need you"
Meant nothing in his life
Though he hadn't any mother
And he couldn't afford a wife.
He hated the thought of killing,
He hated the blasted war,
And he couldn't be made to understand
What the bloody thing was for.
He was a slacker.

Conscription came and they snapped him up
Before he could bat his eye,
And they said, "now whether you will or not
We'll make you a regular guy."
So they gave him a Tommy's uniform
And they handed him out a gun,
And they said "you're going to fight, my lad,
And get shot in the back if you run."
In about four months they sent him out,
He was weak in the knees and pale
And they knew in their hearts when the fun began
That the blightless nerve would fail.
He was a slacker.

When they gave him a front seat up in a trench
He sat in a corner and cried,
While the Germans gave his comrades Hell,
And men on both sides of him died.
Then he saw his chance and he ran for it
Right back of the lines like a dog
He ran and ran to an old cow shed
Then he dropped to the ground like a log.
That night after sundown they found him there;
They court-martialled him on the spot,
And it took just ten minutes to make up their minds
That the white-livered cur must be shot.
He was a slacker.

So they put him in charge of a sentry
And marked him to be shot at dawn,
He cried and he begged them for mercy,
But they growled—"shut your damn trap, you're gone!"
He was sitting there moaning, not praying
When a whale of a big German shell
Came straight on its way not delaying
And knocked the poor sentry to Hell.
When the slacker came to he was lying
Face down in the mud, couldn't see.
But he pulled his poor soul together
And he saw like a shot he was free.
He was a slacker.

Then all of a sudden he gets up,
And throwing his head in the air,
That low-down, blinkin' deserter
Starts in saying a prayer.
"Oh God!" he says, "I've been rotten,
But give me just one little chance,
Just say what I've done is forgotten,
Let me die like a man here in France."
God help a slacker!



Press Ill.

BRONZE TABLET ON PHILIPSE MANOR, ONCE WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AND NOW THE HOME OF MISS ELSIE JANIS

In this fine old house with its relics and memories of revolutionary days, Miss Janis was inspired to write the patriotic lines printed above. The tablet is affixed to the wall on the left-hand side of the main entrance to the house shown in the picture on the opposite page

Then he ran like a hare to the trenches
And he grabbed up another man's gu
And he starts in to fight like a terrie
For the battle was nowhere near won
As he got there the Captain was saying,
"Boy's, it's a dangerous job,
For the man's life who does what I'm asking
I wouldn't be offering a bob."
"Let me go," said a voice from behind him.
The Captain just stuck out his hand
When he saw who it was he nearly fainted
And then yelled out—"Well I'll be damned!"
It's the slacker.

He was over the top in a minute
And gets back with the dope that they want,
With a look on his face right from Heaven
And a courage that nothing could daunt.
But he says, "There's a fellow that's dying
On the barb wire in No Man's Land,
And I'm not going to quit without trying
To give the poor devil a hand."
So he's out on the job in a minute
And he brings the guy in on his back
And he smiles, looking for all the world like
Santa Claus toting his pack.
Is this our slacker?

He got his man back and was happy
He was far more than doing his part
When one of those damned German snipers
Put a bullet right straight through his heart.
This is only the tale of a fellow
Who grew into a man in a night,
One who had lived his life yellow
And finished it up pure white.
They buried him there with the others
In a little garden in France,
He asked for a chance to show the stuff
And he did when God gave him the chance.
He was no slacker.

From a photograph by Press Illustrating Service

THE LADY OF PHILIPSE MANOR

When away from the footlights, Elsie Janis, beloved of Broadway, likes nothing so well as playing chatelaine in the fine old historic mansion of which to-day she is the proud mistress

GOING BACK TO MOTHER

By VERA BLOOM

NEW YORK merely smiled on the stage's girlish sweethearts last season. The full measure of its love was sent across the footlights to "Mother." In a half-dozen of the year's most successful plays, golden hair gave way to silver, frilly frocks were replaced by simple calico, or at most, a "best black silk," delirious hats no longer held the eye when prim bonnet strings tied under a gentle face held the center of the stage. "Mother-love" was the theme on which the understanding playwrights of 1917 built their plays.

Perhaps you, on the jump to see everything, including failures, that our forty or more theatres had to offer, didn't realize that your interest in "Mother" was so great that even some of our prettiest actresses had to line their faces, and hide their hair under white wigs to satisfy your demand, and that the age in heroines changed abruptly from sixteen to sixty!

So I set out to find the reason why. Had you tired of the sweet young thing, and the fluttery dèbutante, or was the cause, like everything else we can't explain just "the war"?

MRS. BASCOM, in "Turn to the Right," was the first mother-heroine of the season, and after a whole year of uninterrupted prosperity, I thought Ruth Chester, who plays the part with such simple tenderness, would have found the secret of the play's success. On the way to her dressing room I caught a glimpse of her serving the hungry prodigals with the peach jam that was to be the turning point of the play, and in a few minutes she breezed in, all youth and buoyancy under her make-up.

"The reason why," she repeated, "well, to tell the truth, I think it was just that a new 'cycle' of plays was due. We had had the crook-plays, and problem-plays, and adventure-plays, all in cycles, and the public was ready for something new—and real. 'Turn to the Right' had just that reality, and the idea of the play built around a sweet, old-fashioned mother was sure to appeal. It was a case of the psychological moment, more than anything else."

"And the war?" I suggested.

"Of course," she answered, "but not when the play opened. Then it seemed so very far away. But when it came it turned us to the real things of life, and made every boy's mother his 'best girl.'"

She turned to the mirror to adjust her "Sunday-go-to-meeting" bonnet, and something moved under the dressing table. It proved to be Sammy, her canine pet.

"Sammy has been my mascot since I played my first mother part," she said proudly. "That was with J. E. Dodson in 'The House Next Door.' When I took the part I hadn't the slightest intention of confining myself to that one type of rôle, but the managers identified me with it, and since then I have played practically every type of mother on the stage."

From the sweet, sheltered homeiness of "Mrs. Bascom," I went straight to the haunting wistfulness of Barrie's pathetic "Mrs. Brodie," the Old Lady who shows her medals, and Beryl Mercer, the English actress who has made the character of the old charwoman who invented a son "at the front" one of the most poignant characterizations seen in years. Miss Mercer might be "Mrs. Brodie's" daughter, she brings so much of herself to the stage. And when one sees how she loves and understands Barrie's touching playlet, there is no doubt as to the reason for her remarkable portrayal.

"I must live the part as I act," she said, "it must be because I have such a one-sided mind, for I know people who can think of three or four things at the same time, and still act convincingly! For the minute I'm really afraid, or glad, or heartbroken. The story and the people on the stage seem to be real, and the sound of the audience sobbing—and I have never heard audiences sob so before—seems like a sound in a dream. So because I must lose my real self in the character, I always play character parts."

Marlborough

RUTH CHESTER

As the sainted mother in "Turn to the Right"

"And as for 'Mrs. Brodie' herself?"

"Ah," said Miss Mercer, softly, "there has never been a part like that before. She is the most appealing creature I have ever seen or played. One forgets all the lovely heroines and beautiful girls of other plays, in the presence of a character like hers. I'm sure the people in front never think of her as old and ugly, but as the heroine of a beautiful adventure."

And there she came perilously near defining the iridescent Barrie charm!

SO, feeling that I knew "Mrs. Brodie" quite well, I was off to meet "Rosalie La Grange," the old Irish medium in "The Thirteenth Chair," played with such rare art by Margaret Wycherly. But to meet Miss Wycherly is an entirely different matter. She is tall, and straight and graceful, with a lovely English graciousness.

"The answer to your question is simply—courage," she said, as she sipped a cup of tea between the acts. "The courage of the playwrights to build a play around an old woman. Don't you realize how many elderly heroes there have been? Mansfield's greatest parts—and Warfield's—have all been old men, and no one has thought a thing about it. But an elderly heroine was undiscovered territory for dramatists, and they've only explored it this season."

"Then you don't consider it a fad?"

"That all depends," she said thoughtfully. "This year's 'mother-plays' have been good plays, well written. Any good play is bound to succeed. There aren't enough of them to let them fail! Now if next season a playwright should come along, stir up the ingredients of past successes, and depend on the audience's sympathy with an old lady for the success of a mediocre play, it will be a failure, and everyone will say the mother plays are out of date! Before 'Within the Law' was produced, the managers insisted that the crook play had died with 'The Deep Purple' and 'Alias Jimmy Valentine.' Of course, that wasn't the case, but it had been nearly killed by a legion of bad successors. So when a good play came along it sprang to life again, and now 'Within the Law' is always mentioned in the same breath with a crook play! You see how it is."

"And now I must be off to save my child!" she cried, and there before my eyes she shrunk into the character of the little old Irishwoman.

I FOUND Emma Dunn, the beloved "Angie" of "Old Lady 31" fairly buried beneath a sea of army sweaters and scarfs at her summer retreat on the Sound, so far away from town that not a murmur of Broadway could reach her. She is surprisingly youthful, with sparkling eyes, and real roses in her cheeks.

"But you're mothering the whole army!" I exclaimed, awed by the piles of wool.

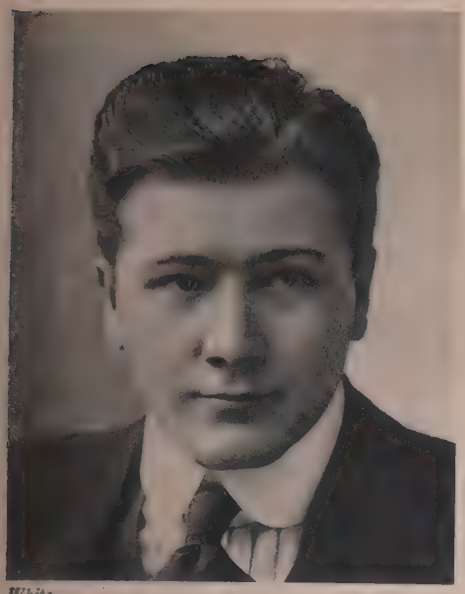
"Yes," she said softly, "they're all my boys. I found, when I went down to headquarters to help recruiting, that by talking to them as 'Angie' would have talked, I could reach the hearts of the very roughest and hardest men. You can't imagine how beautiful it is to play parts that call forth the very best in your audiences. That way, one gets below the surface, and feels that every night one is facing new friends across the footlights."

"Is it just sentiment that makes them warm to 'Angie' and the other old ladies who have played, or something deeper?" I asked.

"It's because 'Angie' gives them back their lost ideals—or new ones," she answered. "First, she touches them, then she makes them realize that there must be someone with such beautiful ideals in the world, and in the end they realize that their own ideals are waiting for them, and they leave the theatre with hope in their hearts."

"And will you go on being 'somebody's mother' forever," I asked, "or are you going to show us the real Emma Dunn?"

"Sometimes I long to play myself," she confessed, "but when one of these beautiful mother parts comes along, and I feel that it will make you as happy as it makes me, I can't resist it. And, you know, to play these parts, I feel the actress must have the innate qualities of the character. A good person can play a bad character by submerging his real personality, but I don't believe a person with a mean or ugly soul could play a part like one of these old ladies."



White

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS
A matinée idol who will shortly appear in a new musical comedy

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STAFFORD PEMBERTON
Dancer seen in "The Passing Show" at the Winter Garden

Moffett

SHELLEY HULL
Playing the leading male rôle in "The Lassoo"

White

WILLIAM GILLETTE
Starring in "A Successful Calamity"

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WILLIAM FAVERSHAM
At the new Broadhurst Theatre in Shaw's "Misalliance"

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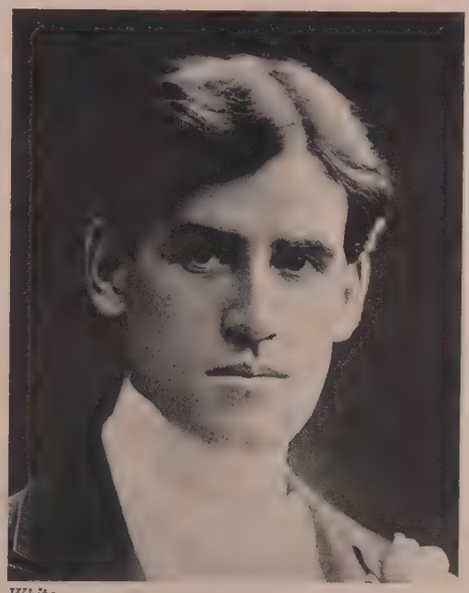
GUY BATES POST
In "The Masquerader" at the Lyric

BRUCE McRAE
On tour in "Come Out of the Kitchen" with Ruth Chatterton



White

ALLEN DOONE
Australian actor starring in "Lucky O'Shea" at the 39th Street Theatre

White

WALLACE EDDINGER
Continuing as the luckless lover in "The Boomerang"

JUVENILES, STARS AND LEADING MEN—OUR POPULAR ACTORS

WHAT BECOMES OF THE CHORUS GIRL?

By LLEWLLYN BRONSON

WE were having a little supper after witnessing a typical Broadway musical show—you know, a typical Broadway show is always something not at all typical of Broadway—and one of the ladies asked:

"What becomes of the chorus girl?"

If there were any satisfactory answer to this, the question would not have been asked every day since the first dynasty in ancient Egypt.

"Don't you know, my dear?" queried a sleek and beaming matron in our party, with one of those purring, catty inflections down in her pearl-garnished throat.

"Oh," exclaimed the other, slightly elevating her eyebrows and looking as wise as a Priestess of Isis.

And thus, in one sentence, by a lady who knew nothing at all about it, was the chorus girl condemned.

"Surely, Mr. Bronson," gurgled another matron, "you know everything,"—if she really thought I did she would have a fit—"won't you answer the question?"

"Thanks for even that small compliment," I told her, "but I do not know. However, I will find out for you—"

One of those wife-to-husband "you'll-do-nothing-of-the-sort" glances was shot at me by Mrs. Bronson, causing me to add, hastily, "I'll ask Cap. Wilgus," and thus the storm was averted, since Mrs. B. knows that the "Cap" is a veteran stage door man.

They call him "Cap" because he lives over on the Jersey side and for half a century has sailed the briny Hackensack ferry. Cap. Wilgus was door tender at Tony Pastor's back in the days when Tony was paying little Helen Leonard $50 a week and advised her to adopt "Lillian Russell" as a stage name. "Cap" has been a stage door man ever since and now holds such a position at a just-off Broadway theatre where music and limbs predominate and plot is not.

"'Cap,'" I demanded the next evening, handing him a cigar that "Bos" of "Peacock Alley" had given me—I never smoke any cigars "Bos" will give away—"'Cap,' what becomes of all the chorus girls?"

CAP. WILGUS took the cigar, smelled it, looked sharply at me and, seeing no signs of wilful murder in my countenance, lighted it, before answering.

"A man of *your* age should worry," he answered, between puffs.

"A man of your experience should know," I insisted.

"What becomes of 'em?" he repeated, looking distrustfully at the lighted end of the cigar, "why some of 'em grow old and some don't; some stay single and some get married; some marry once and some get the habit; they are just like other wimmin folks, only a durned sight more human. Why look-a here, Mr. Bronson, if you was to dissect 'em and other wimmin the only diffrunce would be that the chorus girls would have bigger hearts and a entire absence of selfishness, that's about the only diffrunce."

It was a long speech for the Cap. He surreptitiously dropped the gift cigar and lighted his cob.

"Then," I answered, paraphrasing Kipling a bit,

"The Colonel's lady
And the chorus girl
Are sisters under the skin?"

"Oh, yes, lots of 'em have sisters, but the chorus girl is no skin," blazed the Cap. I dropped that line and started on another. "They don't all die while in the chorus, what then?"

"They—see that woman?" Cap pointed to a little woman approaching the stage door, wheeling a baby carriage.

"Hello Stella," greeted the Cap, touching his hat.

"Hello Cap. Shake your hand to Cap, darling," she replied, and made a chubby little youngster shake his hand. Cap Wilgus grinned, took the baby out and held him up.

SOME man you've got there," he laughed. "Goin' in to see the girls? I'll watch your kerridge."

The little woman laughed happily and went inside.

"That's one thing that happens to 'em," said the Cap. I winked at him whereupon he blustered furiously:

"She's got th' finest husban' in town and don't you make no mistake. Mike's got a good lunch-room and is makin' money. Stell could-a had a dozen Willie boys but she preferred to fall in love with a man. Look there," and he opened an inner door and looked in back stage. A dozen chorus girls there for the matinée were surrounding the happy ex-chorus girl who married the prosperous lunch-room Mike, and they were a'most fighting for turns to hold the baby.

"That's what becomes of lots of 'em, more'n two-thirds of 'em. Once in a while some of them marry a swell with coin. I know a woman who sneaks down here once in a while, just to see the girls, and she's unhappy too, because her husband forbids her to come. He's trying to get her into society."

"Now, look here, Cap," I began, patiently, "you know we once believed that a horsehair kept in a pan of water nine days would turn into a snake and that kittens were hatched from pussy-willows and that a few mysterious words would drive away warts, but we know better now. And you know there's a common belief that chorus girls dance on and on until they are ninety or a hundred, but we know it isn't true. We know it isn't true that ultimately every chorus girl marries a duke or a brewer or some such nobleman, but most people think so. You haven't answered my question yet. What becomes of the chorus girl?"

GOSH, what becomes of *all* th' wimmin?" surlily demanded the Cap.

"Yes, I know, but——"

"But they're no diffrunt. Sometimes one of th' gals falls off'n th' stage into a limousine and a Central Park West apartment, but mighty few fall *for* them things without that little thirty-second formality 'I will,' which is all there is of interest to a weddin' ceremony."

"I suppose so——"

"Don't I know it? Ain't I been acquainted with chorus girls since th' time Lillian Russell was singin' *'Over Th' Garding Wall'?"*

"I've heard that the strenuous life and the—er—gay after-theatre parties cause them to die young——"

"They say th' whole durn moon is made of green cheese," snorted Cap.

Cap Wilgus was right. The average chorus girl does not die young. She is generally a very healthy person. Her dancing and singing keeps her exercised, muscles hard, and lungs strong. Her span of years is much higher than the average society woman who lolls in a box to watch and who doesn't get enough exercise to keep a Polar bear warm in Panama.

Jane Addams once had prepared, after careful research and investigation, statistics concerning why so many young women stray from Virtue Lane into Primrose Boulevard. The largest number were domestics who said they were lonesome; the second largest number were little shop girls who wanted good clothes; there were many classifications, but the smallest number of all were from the stage!

(I hope the matron who was in our party the other night and, catlike, murmured, "Don't you know, my dear?" will read this.)

Some day some great antiquarian, probing into the bowels of the earth to learn the secrets of unwritten history, will dig up a brick upon which, in hieroglyphics, is written the following:

Son—Sire, I am madly in love with Dottie Hykik of the chorus.

Sire—Son, so was I when your age.

Just how many hundred thousand years ago this chorus girl jest was invented is not known, nor just how it is that there seems to be a belief that the chorus girl is possessed of the next thing to eternal youth, like Haggard's "She." The fact that there are many married women, and many others in the chorus may be partly responsible, but these women are young, for the most part.

WILLIE Boys do hang about stage doors once in a while, but the comic artists would have us believe they are there in hordes. I have "gone around back" these many years to go in and interview stars, would-be stars, authors, producers and other folk of the stage who could deliver good material for copy, and I have seldom seen the Willie Boy there.

They are about as popular with the good old door-keepers as the Kaiser would be in Buckingham Palace.

A very few chorus girls seem born to success, still another "few" have success thrust upon them, but most of the successful ones achieve it through hard work. Many a star of to-day was a chorus girl of yesterday. Most of the musical comedy stars were chorus girls.

Many become theatre matrons, wardrobe mistresses and secure similar places when too old for the:

We are the merry maids, (*kick-kick-kick*)
We come from sylvan glades. (*kick-kick-kick*)

work. Many marry into titles and society and money.

Lillian Russell, Fritzi Scheff, Julia Sanderson and a great many others were once in the chorus, working hard and aspiring to stardom.

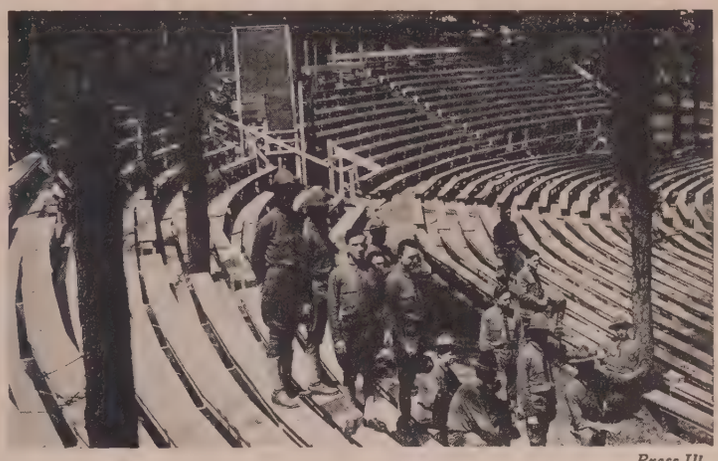
As Cap. Wilgus says, "Th' chorus girl is jes like all other wimmin, only a durn sight more human."

Stage set up at the French front by authorization of the Minister of War

French poilus off duty enjoying a show in a tiny theatre in the Somme trenches

Press Ill.

John Philip Sousa directing at Plattsburg for the entertainment of the soldiers in training



Press Ill.

The huge open air theatre at Plattsburg where performances are given

© Underwood & Underwood

Anna Case singing "The Star-Spangled Banner" for soldiers "somewhere in New Jersey," after presenting them with a war phonograph

MUSIC AND DRAMA DIVERTS THE WORLD AT WAR

SPEED MANIA AFFLICTS VAUDEVILLE

By NELLIE REVELL

VAUDEVILLE is the Plattsburg of the amusement world. Its strenuous training turns raw recruits into finished professionals and often develops high officials for every branch of the entertainment army. Not only actors but many well-known authors, managers and producers learn their prize manœuvres in the two-a-day.

Arthur Hopkins, one of the foremost producers for the legitimate stage, made his entry into the show business via the Orpheum Circuit Booking Department. His first productions were sketches. May Tully, the "latest thing" in Broadway authors, was a vaudeville actor, vaudeville writer and vaudeville producer. Even her farce, "Mary's Ankle," one of the successes of the new season, made its vaudeville bow in one-act form before its presentation as a full-length drama. John Hazzard, of "Turn to the Right" fame, acquired his mastery of crisp dialogue in the variety training school. John Golden, author of Hippodrome and other shows, has a vaudeville record. Edgar Allan Woolf, one of the most prolific of vaudeville writers, is now turning out musical comedies. Alan Brooks, another of vaudeville's prize sketch writers and an actor to boot, has expanded his last short-length success into an evening's entertainment. Its tentative production out of town seems to augur well for a future in New York where it will be presented later in the Fall.

Irving Berlin heads the list of song writers who stepped from vaudeville into command of musical comedy scores. After "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and other of his syncopated melodies had been sung from every vaudeville platform twice a day, he was invited to compose "Watch Your Step" and join Victor Herbert in "The Century Girl" score. As for stage managers and press agents who first learned "the game" in vaudeville, their number is legion.

LAST but not least, there is the actor trained in the two-a-day. In the uncertain formula for theatrical success, he is a "known factor." When musical comedy and farce producers want a "picked crew," they man their craft with former vaudevillians. Whatever else may fail, Mr. and Miss Vaudevillian can be counted on; they are the original "don't give up the ship, boys," and have led many a pepless farce, many a mediocre musical comedy on to victory. Over a hundred vaudeville favorites hold contracts to appear in the legitimate and musical comedy this coming season.

Vaudeville is quite distinctly responsible for Elsie Janis. As a child she was its prodigy and its pet. And its training made her what she is to-day—a charming young lady, star of many musical shows. Like a dutiful daughter, she "goes home for the summer a-visiting" and half the month of August she visited the Palace with a new repertory of imitations. No, "imitations" isn't the word—it's "suggestions." For Miss Janis is so complexly clever that she doesn't weary you with scenes from plays you may or may not have seen—in either case the excerpt is a bore. No—Miss Janis entertains with the snappiest, most up-to-date military songs, and as an added whimsy she shows you how certain celebrated actor folk might sing them. Ethel Barrymore tunefully sends her boy to the front. Eddie Foy and Sam Bernard sing a war-song duet. An English war ditty contains a suggestion of Laurette Taylor and her "Out There" wistfulness. Then there's Raymond Hitchcock, Nora Bayes, George M. Cohan, Emma Carus, Frances White and Sarah Bernhardt—an array demanding versatility, take note—all tunefully suggested in just the songs it would be cartoonish for them to sing. There's new Will Rogers' chatter and the difficult lariat tricks and rope dance. And finally a dance à la Elsie Janis with cartwheels and toe-stepping. No wonder the vaudeville "home folks" were applausefully proud of Elsie.

NAN HALPERIN is a product of the two-a-day and up to the present has steadfastly refused many offers to grace other stages. Nan Halperin—the little girl with great brown eyes who makes you hang on each word of her song. *"O, there's no one like Nan Halperin!"* The words came from the person who sat in the next row the last time Nan appeared at the Palace, but the sentiment is not only that of all the audiences of the two great vaudeville circuits, the critics of newspapers from coast to coast, but the high officials of the vaudeville booking office itself. She's a wee little body and she wears striking frocks. But it isn't the sartorial part of the act that's important. It is Miss Halperin's unique faculty for character portrayal. Her song people live as she sings. Take her "Five Ages of Women," or any other of her repertory for that matter. The realism is positively photographic. Be it "kiddie or bride," she presents the personality, not lightly sketched but as a finished portrait. She is an actress who doesn't need props, scenery or a play.

Different from most delineators of types, Miss Halperin is never *risqué*. Her comedy is of broad human appeal—not smartly witty; and like all true comedy, it has a touch of pathos. For we are pathetic creatures, we mortals—and the best thing we can do is to laugh about it. That is Miss Halperin's philosophy, and the people everywhere evidently agree with her for she is one of the two-a-day box office attractions.

Elsie Janis and Nan Halperin, each is a commedienne supreme in her own department. To make it a triumvirate, add Cecil Cunningham. She, too, is vaudeville trained, and she wears stunning frocks and sings songs in quite her own way.

NOTABLE among the new features of the month is the Louis Mann vehicle "The Good for Nothing." An actor of Mr. Mann's calibre makes anything he offers of interest. At present he brings his talents to the portrayal of a millionaire—a Hebrew of the old school—who visits the home of his society-climber brother. It is a comedy-drama with real merit at conflict with snobbery, and the wealthy, simple-hearted old fellow, by a little deal in mining stocks, proceeds to teach his erring brother a lesson. Impoverished, the brother is quick to return to the virtue of democracy and reaps a fraternal reward of a million or so. Or was it half a million—the nonchalant way those brothers talked of millions and half millions was a bit staggering in these days of poverty and war portions. Mr. Mann is a true artist and managed to make the big scene effective. So much so that some of us wept and we all promised faithfully not to be snobs any more.

Mr. Mann does far more for the sketch than it does for him. The situations are forced or obvious, and most of the scenes were "talky." Vaudeville audiences demand speed and action. And the more they get, the more they want. Motion pictures have given people the habit of enjoying themselves via the eye. At a glance they can comprehend a situation that it would take many words to unfold. Hence the spoken drama seems slow and must be "speeded up" with trick surprises. There must be tenseness, there must be dramatic action. A simple piece of excellent characterization will not get a hearing in vaudeville, any more than a spotless character story will be welcomed into a magazine. People don't want them, and Mr. Mann has had to place himself in a theatrical vehicle.

For this same reason modern musical comedies are plotless. Elaborate scenery appeals to the eye, songs, smart patter unconnected with any previous situation, and costumes, costumes, costumes make up the show. These enable the speed-mad audiences to be amused at two-miles-a-minute pace. No time to think! No time to listen to a plot! No time for characters to be presented!

LIKEWISE is the vaudeville playlet on the decline. Attempting to gain speed—it becomes artificial and theatric. For example, there's "Supper for Two," a sketch in which Dorothy Shoemaker recently appeared at the Palace. It has striking scenery—the audience applauded the setting. But the story—husband suspects wife of wandering affections and hides himself in the room adjoining the private dining-room where she soon after comes to dine with a "lounge lizard" or modern Don Juan. The Don Juan makes love to the wife and orders dinner. A shot is heard in the next room. Lo, husband is discovered with smoking pistol in hand and lying on the floor. The Don Juan person bethinks himself of newspaper notoriety and makes his escape. The wife denounces him and weeps over supposedly dead husband. Then husband returns to life—explains that the pistol was equipped with blank cartridge. Reconciliation. Husband and wife sit down at the table and the waiter serves "Supper for Two."

It is practically a photoplay. Situations come quick and fast and contain a surprise. Lines are scarcely needed. But while this might make a good film, it does not make a good sketch. For sketches were never made to make their appeal through the eye, and neither the beauty of Miss Shoemaker or her scenery suffice to redeem it.

But if sketches won't make audiences listen, popular songs will. Especially when sung by such popular songwriters as L. Wolfe Gilbert and Anatol Friedland. Both are names to conjure with in the song world, and henceforth they shine among vaudeville headliners. Friedland in white trousers and blue coat at the piano; Gilbert in striped trousers and tan coat standing nearby—that's a picture to listen to. They unite in tuneful harmony of their own composition—new songs, old

(*Concluded on page* 238)

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ADA FORMAN

A daughter of Terpsichore whose costumes are as striking as her dances

© Hixon-Connelly

DOROTHY JARDON

Once popular in musical comedy and now a variety favorite

Photo Abbe

NAN HALPERIN

A great success in vaudeville, Miss Halperin is different from most delineators of types. She is never *risqué*. Her comedy is of broad human appeal—not smartly witty; and like all true comedy it has a touch of pathos

SOME FAVORITES OF THE TWO-A-DAY

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE ROAD?

By EDWIN CARTY RANCK

WHAT'S wrong with that mysterious land that lies beyond Broadway known in the theatrical profession as "the road"? Why is it that the last theatrical season, while admittedly one of the most successful and lucrative ever recorded in New York, was the most disastrous ever known on the road?

Many unprecedented developments have led to a situation that is unparalleled in stage history. Managers who have hitherto imagined that they knew all that was to be known about plays, playmakers and play interpreters, have been running around in circles, dropping dollars as they ran, until at last there has percolated through their understandings a trickle of enlightenment.

"Why," they gasped, as the trickle became a stream, "the road is beginning to think!"

And, boiled down, that is the true answer to the excited questions that have been worrying the managerial mind and that have caused two gray hairs to grow on the managerial head where there was formerly only one. The road IS beginning to think and the more it thinks the less money trickles into the managerial coffers. But what has caused the road to think and how does its thinking affect Broadway?

TO begin with, the small town manager is always between the devil and the deep sea if he doesn't give his patrons what they want to see. He is under the thumb of his own little community. He has no transients that he can depend upon and the enterprise of the town itself usually brings in the company that builds the local theatre. Even a one-night town does not consider that it is on the map unless it has a real "opera house" and a real hotel. If they have an opera house and get a New York company to play an engagement in their town, the visiting company will, under the spell of good accomodations, give a pleasing entertainment. But if the members of the company have to comb the town for first rate accomodations and are, in addition, sneered at as a crowd of cheap actors, they reach their dressing rooms in a fit of disgust that necessarily reacts upon their performance and the town is the loser.

The one-night stand manager has just a certain number of persons in his town that go to theatrical entertainments. If a piece of scenery should fall down through the carelessness of the property man of the traveling company, the local manager is blamed for it. If a change is made in the cast without a notification of the fact on the house program, it is the local manager that must bear the brunt of it.

When the small town manager is compelled to book from two rival syndicates five attractions a week when the gross receipts from the five nights are only equalled by the capacity of one or two nights, he is denounced by the traveling managers, who make all sorts of brutal remarks about his home town. On the other hand if he books a play that offends a portion of his audience, he is called up the next day by the church people and then called down. When a so-called "sex play" is produced, the small town community is, as a matter of fact, anxious to see it, but the leading citizens are afraid to venture forth lest they lose caste with their neighbors. And, if they do decide to run the risk, they sneak noiselessly into the gallery, hoping that none of their more respectable friends will see them.

These few examples will give you some idea of conditions that have, up to a year or so ago, existed in the one-night show towns. But, with the advent of the moving pictures, these conditions are gradually changing and in the process of change, the New York manager is beginning to discover that he must adapt himself to a new and unpleasant order of things and hawk his wares like the veriest peddler if he expects to do any business.

EACH small community visited by traveling companies is distinctly classified. There are those that like the big Broadway stars; those that like musical comedies and those that yearn for a symphony orchestra or a really fine concert. The local manager is either under a salary to those who build the theatre, or else he leases the house direct. In any event, he is compelled to exercise the strictest economy to pay his bills. In some instances this is facilitated by the number of passes that he can give out. It is a well-known fact that in one-night stands the man who can get a pass is willing to spend twice the amount of the tickets in some other form in order to show his friends what special privileges he enjoys.

The man who has pass privileges in one-night stands is the village Oracle and the special critic of each attraction that comes to town. When he is a member of a club he is fully alive to the popularity of his position and keeps up with all the dramatic papers. Woe betide any company that comes to town with the most insignificant change in the cast! The Oracle knows it at once. His eagle eye detects the weak spot and he hops upon the fact with the agility of a hen seizing a worm. With grim countenance he hies him hence and pays a little call upon the local manager. That luckless individual, selling seats in the box office, must give a strict account of his stewardship to the lynx-eyed Oracle.

If anything goes wrong in the railroad connections, or if the scenery should be discovered to be too large for the size of the local stage, the Oracle is down at the depot at once to discover what is to be done about it and to revel in his own special knowledge of events "back stage." When a real expensive attraction comes to town, from which the local manager only receives his fifteen or twenty per cent. of the gross receipts, with the contract stating "no passes outside of the press and the press limited to just two each," this is the time that the local manager finds that he is just about the most popular man in town. The demands of the "dead heads" are always greatest for an attraction that promises to sell out the local manager's house.

ONE-NIGHT stands do not, as a rule, care for vaudeville, but with the advent of the motion picture, the local manager found a rather satisfactory condition of affairs for himself. He found that he could hold a limited audience that liked vaudeville by various expedients, such as the introduction of pictures and songs. He discovered that the musical residents of his town would turn out in force whenever he brought good singers or musicians to the local opera house, and thus, without realizing it himself, he gradually began to develop a musical taste in his community.

He began, to his own great surprise, to make other discoveries that slowly but surely kindled the flame of ambition in his managerial bosom. When he entered the local music stores he would receive an ostentatiously warm welcome. Why? Because there would be a sale of the special pieces of music that had been sung by the various artists that he had brought to the opera house. He further discovered that there was a great difference in his audiences when he brought photoplays to the local amusement house. Where, formerly, he could get an occasional large audience for a spoken melodrama, he could get a much bigger audience for a melodramatic photoplay. Again, when he could not secure a $2.00 star for the opera house in a spoken drama, he found that he could get the same star on a film at much less expense. And this film star would be greeted by capacity audiences.

Thus, by slow degrees, progressed the education of the small town manager. Various truths that had been kicking around in the open for some time without being detected by his sleuth-like gaze, now struck him with the force of revelations. He felt like Keats' dim watcher of the skies when a new planet suddenly swam into his ken, and the more he learned, the wiser he became, naturally. With these wonderful discoveries he also realized to his intense gratification, that he was gradually winning over to the ranks of his steady patrons that portion of the community that had hitherto regarded the playhouse as a place of iniquity and sin. By mixing with the different denominations of the churches, he discovered the likes and dislikes of the congregations in the amusement line and catered to them accordingly.

THE small town manager on the road has, in this manner, become a keen student of modern psychology. When he began to learn the art of gauging his prospective clients, power and independence were his. He could exclaim with Monte Cristo, "The world is mine!" With a new thrill he began to realize that he was master of the situation, whereas he had formerly been little more than a lackey, who, hat in hand, humbly begged of the leading syndicates some attractions to enable him to gain a public and pay his bills. He also found that the severe strain of giving up a portion of his receipts to the syndicates for the privilege of being booked, was gradually being lessened. However, he did not take undue advantage of the situation. By the occasional booking of a big and expensive attraction, he would salve his own conscience and save his standing as a manager in his home community. But even then he was no loser, for he not only satisfied the more refined and better educated portion of his patrons, but became immensely popular with the proprietors of the leading drygoods emporiums whose customers bought goods in order to put up the proper front when Maude Adams or John Drew came to town.

Year after year the small town manager industriously picked lemons from the theatrical tree that took root in the intensive soil of Broadway. Now he has a peach-tree in his own back yard and the fruit that drops into his waiting hat is ripe and juicy.

From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg

E I L E E N H U B A N

This charming Irish actress who made such distinct personal successes last season in Barrie's "Old Friends" and the short-lived "Grasshopper" will shortly make her début under A. H. Woods' banner

ENTER THE PLAYWRIGHT-MANAGER

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE

ENTER the playwright-manager! Of actor-managers we have had many, the playwright-manager is a *rara avis,* and when it is no less a personality than George Broadhurst, author of a score of successful plays, the experiment is bound to be interesting.

George Broadhurst has written nearly forty plays. He is slender, keen eyed, his mind and body alike belieing the fact that he has been successful for over twenty years. To-day he has passed the half-century mark, but his energy is unimpaired. He is plugging into this new adventure of a theatre of his own on Broadway with the same enthusiasm and energy that marks everything he undertakes.

"The playwright-manager should bring a fresh crop of ideas to the drama" Mr. Broadhurst said the other day to the present writer. "He has a different viewpoint, and possibly a greater understanding. As an incident, take the choosing of Charles Richman for the leading male rôle of 'Bought and Paid For.' When the cast for that drama was being selected, someone engaged in choosing the man to play the part of the husband, suddenly looked up and spoke the name of one of America's most virile actors.

"'Just the man,'" echoed one or two others in the room, and they turned to me—for although I was supposed only to have written the play, I was actively engaged in the selection of the cast and the direction of the rehearsals.

"'No.' I said firmly.

"'Why not?'

"'No—I want Charles Richman for the part.'

"'He's good,' continued the first speaker, 'but this other man could play that scene where he breaks in the door to perfection. He's *just* the brute for the part.'

"I shook my head again.

"'No, you have the wrong idea of the character of the husband. He's not really a brute—he's a man who drinks and does things foreign to his nature while under the influence of alcohol. I want Richman because the audience will say it's a pity to see him drinking and enstranged from his wife, and in the end they'll forgive him. We must have a man for whom the audience will feel not repulsion, but sorrow.'

"They finally agreed that the characterization was correct, if not just what they had pictured, and Mr. Richman played the part as I had conceived it from my first thought of the drama."

AFTER all, it is only common sense that the man who writes the play should know better than anyone, exactly how his play should be cast, produced, lighted, and rehearsed. In his brain is a better picture of what the first performance ought to be, than it is possible for any other man to obtain—provided of course, that the playwright-manager has had enough theatrical experience to know thoroughly the details of his craft from both sides of the curtain.

"Of course, a man must know the details of his business," went on Mr. Broadhurst, "and in the theatre that means knowledge of the methods employed in the box office and in the wings. Otherwise there is little chance of his venture being a success financially, for it is from the material side that we have come to measure success—and probably rightly.

"In deciding to enter the producing field as a playwright-manager I have done so only after twenty odd years connection with the theatre. This experience has made me a business man as well as a writing man, for my first connection with the world of grease paint was as the Treasurer of the Academy of Music at Baltimore. After a short time I went to the Lyceum at Minneapolis in the same capacity. Later and before I started to write plays, I managed a theatre in North Dakota, learning all the psychology of the one-night stands—and then came a period as

GEORGE BROADHURST
Well-known dramatist and manager of a Broadway theatre bearing his own name

house-manager in San Francisco. But—before all this I was bookkeeper on the Chicago Board of Trade and had served a thorough business apprenticeship.

"Then came the early playwriting period during which I left the actual production of my plays to others, although, even at that time, I ventured suggestions when I thought the producer had misunderstood my meaning or was striving for the wrong effect. Even with 'What Happened to Jones,' I had a few words to say about the production, though the rest of the time I sat back and watched the producing methods employed by Mr. McKee Rankin. 'Why Smith Left Home' gave me a chance for more individual work—and when 'A Fool and His Money' was produced, the production was actually in my hands, and the play produced in eleven days.

"However, I was still a novice able to take orders and suggestions from stage producers, and to-day I am still open to suggestions. As a manager I do not intend to undertake to do all the production work alone. Instead, with an assistant producer, the play to be rehearsed will be visualized, suggestions offered, and the company turned over for the first two weeks of rehearsals to the assistant who will 'break in' the company according to the methods we have discussed. The third week I plan to go actively to work moulding the already shaped material until it stands ready for the first public performance.

"How long does it take an author to learn the details of stage-craft?"

"That depends on the man and his interest in the stage beyond the writing game. Unless I am mistaken, Mr. Eugene Walter did his first piece of actual production in 'The Knife.' I feel sure that he had overseen the production of all the rest of his plays, and in staging 'The Knife' was technically able to mould his material exactly as he has wished it to be since his first idea for the play came flashing into his brain. Miss Rachel Crothers engaged the cast and produced 'Old Lady 31,' and Mr. Edward Sheldon is to produce his new play, two other examples of playwrights having mastered thoroughly the technique of the drama from a viewpoint other than the one which has made them famous."

"Do you believe the playwright capable of getting out of a manuscript all there is in it?"

"He should certainly have some definite ideas of how the play should be staged, and the acting value of each spoken line. Remember, he has probably carried the idea of the play with him for months, perhaps years. The mechanical act of writing the play is only a minor matter, and very possibly in this mechanical part the playwright does not give full instructions as to how a scene is to be played—how the scenery is to be set, or he may even write a scene in some vitally different way, and the result might be a break in the coherence of the theme of the drama."

The author of "Bought and Paid For" added that he had worked on the idea of that play for seven years before writing it.

"If a playwright in producing and managing his own plays, finds a serious flaw in the work during rehearsals, shouldn't he be able to give himself a constructive criticism and make the changes?"

"By all means, unless he has no viewpoint on his own work. The playwright-manager should do away with some of those producers who not only change the lines of a play they are merely hired to produce, but who actually have the effrontery to change the situations of the play, giving a different construction, a different angle, than that which the playwright intended to convey. I do not wish to speak positively, but it is my impression that such a state of affairs can be laid to the influence of the motion picture producers who have unfortunately taken as many liberties as they desired with productions being filmed under their direction."

THE playwright-producer will remedy such a situation?"

"Naturally—and the complaint does not pertain to all producers by any means."

"What is the biggest attribute to success in producing?"

"Dramatic instinct. Some people will say that it is luck, but luck while it may come once, does not come repeatedly. For the most successful producers, examples of this instinct are William A. Brady and A. H. Woods. Mr. Brady can watch a rehearsal of a play for the first time and can place his finger on its weak spot with unerring accuracy. Moreover, he can often suggest the change that should be made to rectify and strengthen it. Mr. Woods, in his method, differs from Mr. Brady (*Concluded on page* 238)

Act I, William Norris, Peggy Wood, Chas. Purcell

Laura Arnold and Peggy Wood in Act II

Peggy Wood and Charles Purcell in Act III

THREE EPISODES IN THE NEW MUSICAL PLAY "MAYTIME" AT THE SHUBERT

Photos White

Jessie Dawe — Willis Claire — Clara Joel — Alice Endres — Alexander Carr — Barney Bernard

POTASH AND PERLMUTTER WITH US AGAIN IN "BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE"

CONFESSIONS OF A LYRIC WRITER

By PERCY WAXMAN

THE other day I was reading a criticism in a New York paper of a musical comedy—the 999th adaptation of something from Vienna since "The Merry Widow" danced into our ken. After blithely remarking that the "book" lacked every virtue a self-respecting libretto should possess, that its humor was less than negligible, the plot absolutely non-existent, the score as full of reminiscences as an octogenarian, and so forth, the amiable critic turned his guns on the lyrics. From what he said about the lyrics, one might judge that they had not really pleased him. He called them un-rythmical, un-inspired, un-singable and un-something-else. Then to clinch his accusation that the rhymes were hopelessly blankety-blank-blank, he quoted two horrible examples. He said that anyone who would make "China" rhyme with "mine are" and force "supporter" against its will to rhyme with "daughter" was no fit person to fraternize with the other members of the Amalgamated Association of Lyric Writers.

Now for all I know, the critic may be right in his scathing remarks, but I don't care if he is or not. What I want to know is how did that critic know that the lyricist made "China" rhyme with "mine are?" How did he know it wasn't "Kamchatka" rhyming with "his ain't?" Surely that critic, whoever he is, does not mean us to believe that he heard the words of a song in a musical comedy distinctly enough to detect these poetic nuances (now please don't print this *nuisances,* will you? It might be taken personally by several lyricists.) Trying to make us believe that he *heard* the words is stretching it a bit too far, you know. He may have been given a secret peep at the sacred script at the dress rehearsal, or perhaps someone in the show quoted the lines to him. But however he may have acquired first-hand knowledge of the offending rhymes, I can't believe that he believes that his readers would believe that he actually heard the lyrics at a public performance.

IT can't be done. I *know* it can't be done. 'Coz why? Because—because—well, if you *will* wring my guilty secret from me—because I am a lyric-writer myself, and I *know.* And now if you would like to peep behind the scenes and learn how I became such a cropper in the social scale as to write lyrics, permit me to draw aside the curtain.

In my ordinary daily life (as distinguished from my nightly theatrical career) I am an inoffensive "blurb" writer on a monthly magazine. It is my pleasing duty to divulge to a waiting world the wonders of each epoch-making story we are just about to print, for which fatiguing task I receive totally inadequate compensation. Now and then I indulge in a wild, uncontrollable passion for versifying which finds its way into the public prints whenever it chances to meet the eyes of really discriminating editors. Last Summer a well-known, successful and particularly versatile playwright asked me if I would undertake to toss off the lyrics of a musical comedy he was about to put together. I consented with almost vulgar haste. In fact I said "Yes" with such indecent alacrity that I feel sure I must have betrayed my eagerness to enroll myself among the leisure class. Having read in the Sunday newspapers all about the fabulous incomes earned by lyric-writers, I immediately saw myself floating in the midst of a golden sea of opulence. I could hear the rehearsals proclaiming my fame up and down Broadway. I could see Jake and Lee Shubert calling me by my first name as they implored me to do their next show, and I could almost feel royalties flowing in upon me to the engulfing point. I told my friend, the playwright (whom I'll call Gilbert Sullivan because that isn't his name) how delighted I was at the opportunity to make the theatrical world gasp with joy, and enable the theatre-going public to wonder why I had never been known before, etc., etc.

THAT very night I began rehearsing an excessively modest curtain-speech in front of my hall-bedroom mirror, in case it should be needed on the opening night. Sullivan was Kindness itself to me. Never having written lyrics before, I did not feel any too sure of my ability to handle the job successfully. I thought then that the lyrics were quite an important part in a musical comedy. When I asked the author rather hesitatingly if he thought I would make good, he replied:

"Make good? Of course you will. I wouldn't have asked you if I had had the slightest fear of your doing it. I've read your stuff, and it has just the right kind of swing to it for the thing I'm doing. And mind you it isn't just the usual girl-and-slapstick show, interrupted by one-finger music. No sir! I'm really trying something a little better; something along opera comique lines, and yet nothing high-brow that will offend the fatigued dweller in the realm of Commerce, or discourage the ladies who scorn home cares on Wednesday afternoons. Would you like to hear the plot?"

"Would I?" I replied. "There's nothing in the world I'd rather listen to right now than the plot of the show that is going to edge me a little nearer to a country home than I've been in lo! these many moons. Please shoot."

"Well," began Sullivan, "here's the story. There's a young Russian Prince living on his country estate with his recently-acquired bride, whose impecunious father also lives with them. The Prince believes his young wife is of the Psalm-Singing variety, while she believes *he* is too good to be true. As a matter of fact, he's a gay young devil, while she is ditto. Previous to her marriage, she danced under an assumed name at a smart cabaret, and lives in constant dread lest her sanctimonious hubby should find out. An old musician 'who knew her when—' appears on the scene and drops a photo of Mrs. Prince in tights conveniently for hubby to find, and when asked about it, she says it's her twin sister. Friend husband is attracted by sister's frank appearance and says he's off to the cabaret to see what she looks like. That's the signal for one of those finales where all hands are off in a body (and *must* sing about it) to the scene of the second act, which of course, is the cabaret where the twin sister is supposed to be a performer. Friend wife impersonates her in a musical comedy attempt to show hubby she's there with the pep and the glad glances and is not the goody-goody thing he imagines—and all that sort of thing. Of course, she succeeds and finally lets him know she ain't no twin at all, but his own really truly fickle wifie, and the audience goes home whistling the 'plug' waltz-number, and you and I count the house. Like it?"

"Do I like it?" I said. "I think it's the best musical comedy plot I've ever been asked to write for in all my life. And now what about my end?"

"Well," Sullivan answered, "you begin with the opening chorus, of course. It's Princess Liska's birthday, and the peasants come in offering her flowers. Then a solo for her in reply to the gift. Then a song in three-quarter time for Liska and the house-servants about the money her dad has borrowed. Then a solo for her husband—something about married life. Then a flirty duet for him with a pretty house-guest. Then a waltz song for Liska as she dreams of the happy days before her marriage. Then a quintette after the dreadful discovery of the dancer's photo. Then the finale to Act I when everybody says to everybody else, 'I'm going away.' I'll get the orchestra leader to play all these numbers over for you and you can get the tempo, the accents, where the beats come in, and all that. Now get to work on the first number as soon as you can, and Heaven bless you."....

Within a few days after that thrilling conversation I had heard all the music and had written the words for the opening chorus and the first solo for the Princess, which you will have the rare privilege of reading later on. To cut a long story short, I retired into cloistral seclusion for several weeks and wrote and tore up, and wrote and tore up, and cursed and worked day and night through a particularly blistering July until I had completed seventeen song numbers, two finales and two chorus numbers. Just as I was preparing to take a long breath and depart for the soothing coolth of Bar Harbor or Arverne or Somewhere, I was asked to attend rehearsals of as "For One Night Only"—*our* play—*our* play, mind you, was scheduled to open in Atlantic City on August 28th.

* * * * * * *

FRIENDS, these astericks cover a multitude of tears, trials, tribulations and tearing up. When in the gloomy depths of a New York theatre, whose white-covered orchestra seats looked like so many attendant ghosts, we began rehearsals, the old axiom about the writing of plays came home to me. I had often heard that "Plays are not written; they are re-written," but never before had I had the opportunity of witnessing the procedure. I also found out that as far as musical plays are concerned, lyrics, too, are re- and re- and re-written.

But anyhow, why should you go through the agony I suffered during the night-and-day period of rehearsals? We'd begin at 10 a. m. and sometimes finish at 11 p. m., dashing out to the nearest lunchery or drug store for food-substitute. Five different men rehearsed the leading comic rôle in as many weeks, until, like vaccination, "took" with the sixth, who stuck. Chorus girls came and went as if some epidemic prevailed. Dancers were tried, found guilty, and banished. The leading lady developed an increased quantity of temperament daily, the producer developed his vocabulary, the man who put on the dances developed his vocal cords while I developed mental pictures of fame and fortune and resolved to sit still and endure everything. Anyone who didn't like his or her lines came to me to alter them, and I in my ignorant desire to please, chopped and

White

(*Left*)

PAULA SHAY

Everybody has seen "Everywoman," now in its eighth season. This year Miss Shay will portray the leading rôle in the popular morality play

White

(*Right*)

GENEVIEVE HOUGHTON

Who played the leading rôle in "Katinka," and is now gracing the vaudeville stage

Ira L. Hill

HELEN JOY

One of the supporting satellites with Charlotte Walker last season

© Ira L. Hill

ETHEL STANARD

Broadway's latest "baby vampire" who charmed audiences recently in "Upstairs and Down"

Fairchild

MERCEITA ESMONDE

As Jeantine in "The Beautiful Adventure," a rôle she has portrayed on stage and screen

PRETTY GIRLS BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS

changed at the slightest suggestion. At last even rehearsals for a musical comedy come to an end, and sure enough, to my great astonishment, on a sweltering night in August the opening of "For One Night Only" duly took place in Atlantic City, as advertised. Trying my hardest to look nonchalant and careless about the whole business, as I stood outside the theatre, my heart *would* thump and my eye *would* wander guiltily and stealthily to the printed signs that decorated the entrance. I couldn't notice the author's name. I didn't see the composer's. I hardly noted the names of the performers. Only one small section of these announcements held any fascination for me. The line reading who wrote the lyrics caught and held my attention. I looked at each board in turn to see if by any mishap the printer had not done his duty by me. But oh joy! my name gleamed on every last poster.. Then as 8:35 approached (it was to open as usual at 8:15 sharp) I slid in alone and took my seat, modestly, well in the rear of the theatre. I was sure someone would hear my pulse throbbing, and betray me to the whole row.....

At last the curtain rose. In came the laughing peasants, merry and gay, and grouped themselves ready to sing the opening chorus—MY chorus—words by ME—the little insignificant pug-nosed beggar in Z-26. Up went the baton of old Guinsberger, the orchestra leader (who swears he is Sviss). The signal was given and then there floated on the evening breeze:

"Issray sussions skarab ation
Joy filla oil cumtoo share
Sussions active tum-tum ation
Itch inging sussionsso rare
Issker rale congrat tum ation
Mayo sassashaby air
Mayno shush of tum diddle ation
Bird on your fushias tee air."

With my large left and right Lynnhaven ears stretched to the utmost capacity, this is all I could hear. I leaned forward in my eagerness—so far that my lips almost kissed a pearl necklace on a foreign neck directly in front of me, but not one of my precious words could I distinguish. Actually knowing every syllable of the opening chorus by heart, the above is an honest-to-goodness phonetic report of what reached me.

It used to sound fine when I was right next to the chorus on the stage of an empty theatre with only a piano for accompaniment, but there in that crowded auditorium, to hear what I'd worked over all summer came forth disguised as—oh! well what's the use! In case, dear reader, you may believe that I really did write that piece of Volapuk quoted above, would you mind glancing at the first eight lines of what I actually struggled to produce for those mirthful peasants to sing:

"This day marks the celebration
Joyfully all come to share
Irrespective of his station
Each bringing treasures so rare.
Liska! Hail! Congratulation!
May your life's promise be fair.
May no shade of tribulation
Burden your future with care."

There's nothing in these lines to grow chesty about, but they *do* rhyme, and they *do* have some relationship to the plot.

Well, when the chorus had got through playing tag with the children of my cerebellum I wiped my retreating brow and shy receding chin and thought: "Oh! well, that's just the chorus. Wait for the dainty little flower solo which the Princess gets off when she receives the blooming bouquet at the hands of a little child. Then the folks will hear something a bit out of the ordinary." They did, all right. Pretty soon I had the pleasure of hearing the sweetly plaintive tones of the Princess's fine soprano voicing this quaint sentiment:

"Lee tell bed so jee antlee grow weeng
Een life's guerr doner itcham rare
Like thiz blo soms ure be sto weeng
You air vagrant su wete and fer."

and so on for three verses.

These words rather surprised me, because when I wrote this song they went something like this:

1.

Little bud so gently growing
In life's garden rich and rare,
Like these blossoms you're bestowing
You are fragrant, sweet and fair.

(*Concluded on page* 238)

JACK HAZZARD—LAUGHTER DRAMATIST

By HELEN TEN BROECK

JOHN E. HAZZARD, the creator (with apologies to Edna Aug of "Ain't It Awful, Mabel?"), prize laugh-getter of the Lambs' Club, and the popular comedian of "Miss Springtime," who is also the author (with clauses of ratification by Winchell Smith), of "Turn to the Right," is the latest actor-dramatist to capture Broadway, and everybody is paying close attention to his words of advice to young playwrights. If any of your friends hand you a laugh, take "Jack" Hazzard's advice and treasure the captured cacchination, for of the laugh of to-day is born the comedy of to-morrow.

That is what happened when Mr. Hazzard wrote "Turn to the Right." or, to speak with absolute exactness when he laughed it, for the comedian-playwright who acts in "Miss Springtime," and answers to the call for the author, of several recent comedy successes, paraphrases Dion Boucicault's axiom "Plays are not written—they are re-written."

"Comedies are not written: they laugh themselves out of the author's system," is his version.

"Nothing breeds laughs, like laughter," said Mr. Hazzard, a few minutes ago, when I asked him the recipe for writing comedies that run a year in New York.

"When I wrote 'Turn to the Right' I almost laughed myself to death over two ideas. One was the central thought of the piece, the other was the idea that I could write a play. These two jokes did the trick, I suppose. I haven't applied psycho-analysis nor the acid test to the subject, in fact I never tried to think it out before, but I believe that's the idea. 'Laugh and the world laughs with you,' you know."

"You're wanted on the telephone, Mr. Hazzard," interrupted a small but active page at this juncture.

"Tell the party I'm dead," said Mr. Hazzard. Then he buried himself in thought for a moment.

"Say," he cried, earnestly, "you're a nice girl, but you've got the wrong dope on this interview. You ought to ask Winchell Smith about writing plays. He has shelled out more successes than any of 'em. Ask him for the recipe, not a one-play fellow like me."

"But you wrote two pieces," I began, "the one that Charlie Hoyt wrote first—"

"Sh-sh," cautioned Mr. Hazzard, holding up a warning hand. "Don't speak of the dead. 'Go to It' is mouldering in its little tomb—and that proves the recipe is right. I never cracked a smile as long as I was engaged on reconstructing that Hoyt piece. Everybody else laughed; everybody said that 'Go to It' was a sure fire hit. But it wasn't. In fact I believe it made a record as the speediest death rattler in the history of the stage. Go away boy and don't bother me—" this to the returning page who placed himself at Mr. Hazzard's elbow and breathed heavily.

"Mr. —— is on the 'phone," said the boy. "He wants you to write a comedy for Willie Collier."

"Tell him I am too busy acting, to write plays," said Mr. Hazzard with a withering frown, and the page boy vanished in the direction of the telephone booths. "Where did I leave off?" continued the actor; "oh, yes, about writing a comedy. If I know anything about it, a comedy ought to keep the author laughing, even when he is sketching in the heavy lines—the moral—the backbone—the purpose of it. A laugh carries a sermon a deuce of a lot further (pardon the profanity) than a whine, and I believe if preachers and playwriters would get together on a laugh-in-the-face-of-the-world basis, we wouldn't need to holler for comedians like Billy Sunday to jump in and reform the community."

"When are you going to write a play for yourself?" I inquired.

A stormy light leaped into Mr. Hazzard's eyes, and he raised both hands in horrified protest.

"Woman," he hissed, "woman, have a heart! Never would I debase my art by acting one of the kind of parts I write myself; and as an author, I would withdraw my piece if the stage manager cast that fellow Hazzard for one of the rôles."

"Mr. Dillingham is on the 'phone," announced the boy, "he says he wants you to play a part in the Century Revue; an' will you please come up to the Globe Theaytre right away."

"Run along! Run right along, young Blighter," replied Mr. Hazzard coldly, transfixing the boy with the gaze that had reduced me to a minus quantity.

"Tell Mr. Dillingham I am too busy writing plays to accept an engagement to act."

"And are you writing any new plays?" I inquired.

"Just finished a couple this morning," cheerfully replied the comedian-dramatist. "Wrote 'em after dress rehearsal, between two-thirty and sun-up. Dashed off a novel, too, and several verses more of 'Ain't It Awful Mabel?' and composed a new song for Elsie Janis and a scenario for Douglas Fairbanks and did a libretto for a grand opera while I was shaving. I painted a portrait of Sarah Bernhardt too and"—but at this point I remembered that Mr. Hazzard was a comedian first, last and always. So I gathered up my Red Cross knitting and fled with a backward glance that saw him wave away the telephone boy who vainly besought him to talk to Mr. Belasco about a starring engagement. A satisfied smiled curved his lips, and I wondered if the hurry calls to the 'phone had been a comedy frame-up out of the next play the firm of Smith, Golden and Hazzard will produce on Broadway?

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FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

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By MLLE. MANHATTAN

COMEDIE-SALONS-MODES

COLLARS and colars are the two "c's" Dame Fashion has borrowed from the line of battle to emphasize the fact that days of war are upon us. Possibly you may feel that a third "c" for chapeaux should be added as your wandering gaze falls upon the martial millinery displayed wherever Dame Fashion's daughters amuse themselves these bright autumnal days.

But head-gear shows really little change from the prevailing mode of yesterday which was Summer, or the day before yesterday which was Spring. Turned up, turned down, pitched forward, tilted back, wide or narrow of brim, high or low of crown, all hats seem fashionable just now, although of course certain military touches sound the last note in the chic of the moment.

But collars are different. They must follow definite lines and suggest the broad flat-lying type of certain service collars in military tailoring, or directly opposite effects of the high upstanding throat latch that wrinkles around the neck on the jackets of aviators and drivers of ammunition wagons "somewhere in France."

* * *

A widely copied collar of the former type is shown on a charming frock designed for Miss Lucy Cotton, and shown for the first time on the stage during the last New York nights of "Turn to the Right."

* * *

In a hundred captivating variants this collar appears on the latest models for early winter wear, and assumes supremacy in the choice of most smart women as the finish for outer garments for cold weather.

Upon the one-piece frocks so high in favor this season, the high back feature of the Jeanne Lanvin collar (for it is Mme. Lanvin who has placed her cachet upon the big military shoulder piece), runs down to a narrow and becoming point in front. Faibisy has used this feature very effectively in a gown made for Flora Zabelle (Mrs. Raymond Hitchcock) and by way of scattering all possible novelties over Miss Zabelle's pleasing young form, he has also set one of the new plastron fronts upon this fetching creation and further decorated it with the embryo bustle which Tobe Gill snatched from the frocks worn by Margery Maude in "Paganini" last season, and which smart tailors are modifying with great success upon many of the early winter out-of-door frocks.

Mrs. Perry Belmont, who may be relied upon to seize the coming style in its earliest cradle and sport the mode of day-after-to-morrow with a gracious air of perfect familiarity, has worn several frocks of late finished with the new aviator collar which of course is modified for feminine wear into a sort of glorified stock wound with most adroit and careful carelessness about the throat. During a brief trot over to Washington I saw Mrs. Belmont at luncheon with a party of diplomats wearing a modification of the aviator collar so close and so high with its Cromwell finish at the top that I felt obliged to murmur to one of her companions that he might whisper secrets of state into Mrs. Belmont's ear and feel certain no indiscreet echo could possibly escape over that barrier.

* * *

In "Business Before Pleasure" Miss Clara Joel wears a similar collar as a finish to a tailored costume of velours over which matinée girls gurgle rapturously between acts, and which is certain to be a favorite Winter model for young figures. Hickson dubs this triple coatee, with the triple tunic effect, "le destructeur." Please don't write to the editor to inquire why so graceful and feminine a frock should be called a "destroyer."

Photo Sarony

Serbia our "littlest ally" inspires this modish Bendel creation worn by Margaret Dale in "Daybreak"

Photo White

The newest new bustle, the new plastron front, and a new collar contribute to the chic of Flora Zabelle's latest Faibisy frock

Photo Sarony

Absolutely right is this white wonder of a frock worn by Margaret Dale

THE DOLLY SISTERS YANCSI AND ROSZIKA IN THEIR VANITY FAIR PETTIBOCKERS

Vanity Fair UNDERSILKS

IN these strenuous days of history-making it would seem impossible to do anything really startling, wouldn't it? Well, then, the designers of Vanity Fair Underwear have accomplished the impossible. They have startled the World of Fashion—have stirred it to its very depths!

It's the Vanity Fair Pettibocker that's responsible for this upheaval. Maybe the Pettibocker was inspired by this world-wide talk of freedom, maybe by the feminine struggle for sex equality. At any rate, it's here with all the frilly daintiness of a petticoat, plus the freedom of motion a knickerbocker allows. If one can judge from the enthusiasm already created, it's here to stay, too!

It isn't a novelty; that's the interesting part of it. It's a 50-yard gain toward the goal of Dress Comfort and Style. You order your Pettibocker just as you would a petticoat—by the length of your skirt.

Under the ruffles there is an elastic which keeps the Pettibocker from riding-up. Think what this means to the long suffering wearers of "up-rising" jersey silk petticoats. The Pettibocker is fashioned of heavy jersey silk, much heavier than the ordinary jersey silk petticoat—and the colors seem endless. Pink and white, grey, taupe, sand, navy, purple, black, brown, gold and green give you a wide choice. The price is anywhere from five to ten dollars.

The alert fashioners of Vanity Fair have added special features to other underapparel this year—there's the sure-lap closing on the Vanity Fair union, the extra four inches which make the plus-four-inch vest, to say nothing of the full-cut knicker.

The shops that carry smart underapparel always sell Vanity Fair.

A delightful booklet picturing Vanity Fair Undersilks with prices will be sent to those who request it.

Plus-four-inch Vest —rounded neck

Plus-four-inch Vest —bodice top

Full-cut Knickers

"Sure-lap" Union

Elastic top Evening Vest

SCHUYLKILL SILK MILLS, *READING, PA., U. S. A.*

Photo White

Note the novel wrist band of fur and the ermine yoke effect achieved in this evening wrap worn by Marjorie Rambeau

I fancy it may be because the wickedest of U-boats would be glad to be chased by the wearer of such a gown, but I don't know.

A number of sensationally beautiful frocks have been brought to view in the various dramatic productions that have enlivened our theatres this season. The stunning costumes in "A Tailor Made Man" were pictured and described in these columns prior to their New York début, but Mr. Cohan is a lavish manager and presently I shall have the happiness to show you an entirely new series of gowns worn by the fortunate young actress in that sparkling comedy.

* * *

Miss Margaret Dale who, as John Drew's leading woman, stamped herself before she was out of her teens as an actress certain to show unerring taste in the selection of her gowns and to wear frocks perfectly, loses nothing of that reputation in "Daybreak." Miss Blanche Yurka wears one very good gown also, in Jane Cowl's latest play, something in a breakfast frock with a delicious bodice which shows a novel plastron front of filmy white, cut squarely off below the waistline; but against Miss Yurka lies the charge of wearing her frocks uneasily and with the air of being "dressed up" that detracts from their charm. Not so Miss Dale, who manages to look lovely even in a frock of black velvet with stirrups and trappings of jet which would make any other actress resemble that most darkling or animate objects, a hearse-horse.

"In my quest for the perfect frock," said the comedienne of "Daybreak," "I roam like the proverbial butterfly from flower to flower. That is to say from shop to shop. One modiste may be unexcelled in expressing a mood in a gown, that would quite escape another artist in frills and furbelows. In my first frock, I seek to express the difficult union of the demure and the rebellious—that being the mental mood of the wearer, who wonders why she is divorced, and tempers the delight of her new freedom with the circumspection society demands of a recently made *veuve de grace.*"

I am sure you will agree that Bendel has achieved this sartorial psychology in the definitely provocative little frock in which he has "expressed" Miss Dale's state of mind. As softly white and black and gray as a Whistler etching is this creation, which introduces the new Serbian blouse effect in white malines upon which is posed a valance of very lovely black lace.

The round petticoat shows a panel front of white valance like the blouse with lace. The Serbia motif is carried out in the typical sleeves of that country, and in the velvet ribbon band crossed surplice-wise on the bodice and marking the waistline.

* * *

Pure white is selected by Miss Dale for her second frock which expresses in terms of sartorial simplicity a mood of chastened coquetry. A supple and gleaming quality of chiffon satin is the material in which O'Brien executed this gown which introduced as a feature of the coming mode a promptly approved and accepted novelty in the watteau scarf of white net which floats gracefully from the shoulders to the hem of the short skirt.

The tailored sleeve of transparent net is another original feature of this costume which is distinguished by absolute perfection of cut, cleverly accented but never hidden by the light drapery. A narrow fringe of crystal and silver at the hem and touches of gleaming garniture which relieve the simplicity of the bodice are the sole decorations employed in this very perfect little creation. The latest permanent wave, which is laid more regularly to the head than in last season's vogue and shows also a closer marcel effect, marks Miss Dale's coiffure.

* * *

Marjorie Rambeau's rôle in "The Eyes of Youth" permits her to show a frock and an opera wrap calculated to capture the eyes of all ages. The frock is of silvery blue exquisitely combined with crystal pearl and silver embroidery. The mantle as shown in the accompanying photograph, is a bewildering mingling of oriental embroidery with ermine, chiffon and velvet. The distinctive novelty introduced (and of course Miss Rambeau may always be counted on for some novel and artistic touch in her costumes) is the charming effect produced by employing an ermine cape for the top of the wrap and for one sleeve, a drapery of chiffon being cunningly contrived to fall over the other arm. The ultra high collar gives a stately neck finish that contradicts the frivolous fringe of ermine heads and tails that borders the edge of the fur.

I have just received a letter from Florence Walton who as you know is doing relief work in Paris and dancing for the "blesses" while her husband, who is able to join her now and again, is doing such good service with his ambulance corps.

"The courage of these marvelous French women is a lesson to the world," she writes. "They are all trying their best to keep Paris as beautiful as ever to bless the eyes of their returning heroes wounded in the war. Nothing is disgraceful here, to-day, but waste and extravagance, yet never were the French women more chic, never more beautiful, than in the gowns of the moment. The lovely simplicity of them is adorable! Only in her head-gear does the Parisienne permit herself to riot in frivolous gaiety. Hats have been large and irregular in shape and carnivals of color. During the past few days I notice that close shapes are being worn by such smart actresses as Lucie Bonheur and Yvonne de Rohan, whom one see everywhere accompanied by the popular knitting bag that is the badge of honor among French women these days."

* * *

Before Miss Walton's letter reached America the tiny hat had made its appearance on Fifth Avenue, dividing favor with the larger shapes that will not be relegated to the limbo of things unstylish, because (*Concluded on page* 232)

Photo White

Robespierre and Oliver Cromwell meet in the collar of this fetching costume worn by Clara Joel

Slenderizing Silks

HOLDING the mirror up to fashion has long been a function of the stage. This autumn's plays will show many a graceful, much-admired gown cleverly made of our "slenderizing" silks and earning for its fair wearer the approving comment, "She's as pretty and slender as ever!"

Whether she really is or not, will remain a secret with her modiste, for the shimmering folds of Pussy Willow Satin and the soft draperies of Will o' the Wisp and beautiful dull-lustred Kashmere Kloth assure her the appearance of graceful slenderness.

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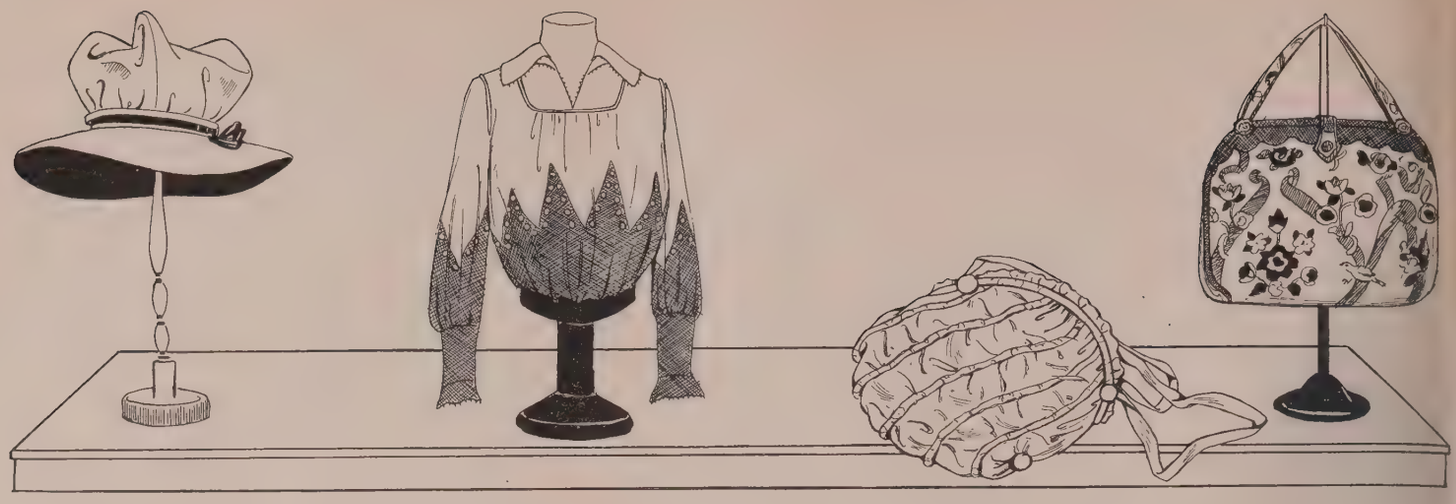

OCTOBER BRINGS ANGELINA A HOUSE PARTY

By ANNE ARCHBALD

LENOX, Tuesday. Incomparable and Only One!" read Angelina aloud. "Four men are descending on me for this week-end. I know you are a lady of a hundred engagements and this is terribly short notice but do cut whatever you have on hand and come and help me out. I'm only asking one other girl so there will be that jolly proportion of but three of us to five. Think of that in these hard, male-less times! Freddy is in town and will telephone you trains. Don't fail me. There's a dance Friday night.

"Yours in a rush,

"PEGGY."

"P. S.—Two of them are young British Army officers."

* * *

Angelina finished her note and looked over at her Mother with excited, shining eyes.

"How's that for an invitation?" she cried. "Lenox and dear old Peggy and old dear Freddy and their wonderful place and *two* British officers! Lucky I've no engagement for this Sunday. Though I should go anyway. It's not a chance anyone should miss, is it?"

Mother remained calm and very judicial. "The invitation sounds delightful," she said. "But, my dear child, I don't see how you can go with the clothes you have. You've nothing to wear. You've been putting off getting things too long. I should be very much ashamed to have you go and not look smart." The two British officers hadn't made so much of a hit with Mother, but there was every probability that one of the other men would be a certain extremely-eligible. "Tonight is Wednesday and if Peggy wants you on Friday that only gives you one day."

* * *

"Dear, darling idiot Mumsy!" retorted Angelina. "You will keep on forgetting that you were born in one generation and are now living in another. Fancy being in the same town with the New York shops and not being able to do *anything* in a day. Besides, what do I need? Merely a new suit, a waist and a hat. I've my silver dance frock already. I shall be quite through and have everything by lunch-time Thursday. And I should be very charmed if you cared to come with me and watch how efficiently I can work when I give my mind to it. Only you must promise not to interfere."

When Angelina spoke like that Mother was wise enough to give in. And Angelina did have a way of turning herself out, Mother had to acknowledge.

"Where are we going first?" she said, as the car turned into Fifth Avenue promptly at ten the next morning.

"To McCreery's," answered Angelina, "to get my hat and waist first. I've a theory that it's easier to match a suit to a waist and hat than the other way round."

"What extraordinary ideas you do have, Angelina, dear!" exclaimed Mother.

McCreery was negotiated and Angelina escorted Mother confidently to the third floor.

"Where are the *chapeaux du jour* you are featuring?" she asked a clerk, "the hats, I mean, not any one of which is over ten dollars?"

("Now where did Angelina learn that!" thought Mother with inward admiration.)

"All the hats you see here," answered the clerk, pointing to several long tables, with every kind of large, small and medium-sized hat or them, picture hats and street hats and even hats for sport, all of the very latest mode.

"Isn't it fascinating that there is one place you can browse around," said Angelina, "and know that whatever you may choose will be within the limits of your purse? Nobody is going to break shatteringly in on your young dream in response to 'I'll take that; what's the price.'"

* * *

Mother agreed and found the browsing quite as fascinating as did Angelina. Between them they chose for her a lovely beige velvet in the new "Sammy" shape, with broad brim and high pinched-in crown, faced with dark brown velvet and banded with a slender brown grosgrain ribbon. The brim was very soft and pliant and Angelina's fair skin couldn't have been made to stand out from the frame more enchantingly if the price had been four times as much.

On to the waists then.....On the next floor.

"McCreery waists, you know, are always such splendid value," explained Angelina to Mother.

"My dear child," returned Mother indignantly. "You don't have to tell me that. I'm not quite in my dotage yet. Just as if I hadn't brought you up on that fact.....There's something though that, with all your omniscience, I don't believe you know about. That's the Art Department. It's on this floor. Let's just go round that way and see what's new."

* * *

"What's new," happened to be the war-bags which from being of chintz have now blossomed out in the most marvelous way into soft-figured silks and plain taffetas and gold and silver brocades.

"Women are using them at present as much for shopping and making short trips as for knitting," explained the clerk.

"I'll make you a present of one if you wish, dear," offered Mother. "Would you like this taffeta shirred on cords that looks like the old 'calash' of Grandmother's we have at home, or this quaint shape of flowered tapestry cloth picked out with gold threads?"

"That one," Angelina responded enthusiastically. "The background matches my hat. I'll carry it right off. Isn't it too smart? *Prenez garde,* British officer."

As if in justification of how right they were

(*Concluded on page* 236)

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Revillon say they can guarantee you the beauty of an ermine stole, but that the way of wearing it is up to your own individuality. Here Flora Révalles shows the maximum of effect that an artist in clothes makes with such a one from their house.

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GOWNS
665 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

(*Continued from page 228*)

of their becomingness to the majority of women. Fur and taffeta are features of the season's millinery, the popular folds and frills of silk seeming to have taken a close grip on the fancy of feminine New York.

A round of the smart establishments of dressmakers reveals little that is startling in the way of changes in preparation for the opera season and the winter festivities. The glitter of metal brocade has had its day, and I have not seen the fabric nor cloth of gold or silver displayed at any of the good houses. I saw several gowns recently ordered for Mrs. Cyril Hatch which indicate that Mrs. Vanderbilt's pretty daughter who retired from public view very shortly after her marriage is not intending to allow domestic cares to absorb all her activities the coming Winter. One frock of white velvet embroidered in orange and gray was of marked chic and perfect originality. It was made very short, in vague one-piece silhouette, a simulated plastron of the embroidery going straight down the front in Russian effect which was heightened by rows of odd small silver buttons enameled in strange symbols in orange. The fulness in the back was "detained," as the French dressmakers say, by a wide half sash of the embroidery, which appeared again in the Robespierre collar and at the tips of the cuffs.

* * *

So far as anyone may see, the dance craze which has held us in its grip so long seems to have died a natural death, while out-of-door sport looms up as the interest of the hour. Skating costumes are varied and many. One of lovely violet velvet with a deep band of chinchilla with chinchilla toque and muff is shown at the atelier from which Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn (Edna May) orders the chic frocks that always command admiring glances. While of course the Southern training camps will attract many Northern belles and brides to visit husbands and brothers, the possibilities of Government needs of the railroad facilities is holding up orders for quantities of smart frocks for Palm Beach wear. It is an odd little detail of the effect of war time upon fashionable life, and while no one seems to doubt a brilliant Southern season for the later Winter the how-shall-we-get-there question is really a burning issue of the hour, and forehanded dressmakers are seriously nervous at the possibility of a lean and hungry mid-Winter season.

I mention this wail because it has reached me from so many ultra-fashionable milliners.

Furs are seemingly destined to a peculiar vogue this Winter. Peculiar because the richest of genuine furs and the most inexpensive of imitations seem equally in favor. American cleverness has devised a quite wonderful sort of "near fur" which has caught the passing fancy of women who own rare sables and fox, so that no one need blush to wear trimmings or even entire garments of frankly "made" fur. Luxurious over-garments for wear after horseback exercise or skating of duvetyn trimmed with karami, the new "fur cloth."

A charming raglan in this mode was turned out by Gill for Lady de Bathe, and while her ladyship's groom waited for the erstwhile Jersey Lily to claim it after a canter through the park a few mornings before she sailed for Spain, I looked the enveloping cloak over in search of novel features for your benefit. Of course, I found several; the most interesting of which is the Langtry muff, a bright thought of Lady de Bathe's. This "muff" is a flat fur piece placed just inside the sleeve lining at the wrist with the opening upward so that the wearer may thrust into it chilled fingers benumbed by holding the bridle or by skating, and find a warm and eminently cumfy little place for cold hands. Lady de Bathe's overcoat, as these garments are called, are of the newest of colors, "camouflage," the term doubtless derived from the French "camouflet," which means a whiff of smoke in the face. Camouflage is a changeable violet-gray and lends itself beautifully to the carami similitude of otter with which this garment was deeply bordered and which formed the very important collar. Pretty Julia Sanderson is also wearing an overcoat of some sort of rough tweedy looking material which is faced with reindeer carami.

Some of the loose and rather shapeless over-garments of the new mode have narrow lines of fur (real or imitation) set in the seams in a clever way, to give "cut" to the silhouette.

Photo White

Lucy Cotton in "Turn to the Right" wears a collar that leaped from Broadway to Fifth Avenue in one bound

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FALL WARDROBE BY FAIBISY

HERE we are launched in our Fall season, it is a moment of excitement and enjoyment for the couturier and, I might add, of hard work.

Charming mondaines have returned from their Summer's pleasures with nothing but a shabby Summer's wardrobe and it is for the smart designer to fit them out for Fall and Winter, setting forth all their charms to best advantage. What a responsibility!

It is a season full of delightful things, so full of so many different things that you may practically have about what you choose, as to silhouette, fabrics and color.

There is an enthusiastic desire on the part of smart customers for very charming frocks.

Notwithstanding the rather painful times we are traversing, it seems as though each American woman had said to herself, "I must make of myself a centre of optimism to act against the fear of possible sorrows that may arrive."

She knows there is no better method to make herself gay than to use every effort to appear as attractive as possible and to keep a vital concern for all the interests of life. It is her special work to charm the eye so as to cause forgetfulness of hard realities.

For this work there are unlimited possibilities, the toilettes now being created are so dissimilar in aspect, so interesting in variety that they appeal to each taste and each type.

As a rule an alluring grace and seductiveness is aimed at, which with narrow skirts and fitted shoulders achieve the youthful effect.

While the lines are still straight, they are losing something of the boyish silhouette and revealing an inclination to respect a little more the lines of the figure. This is indicated by the tendency to extreme narrowness about the ankles and a more fitted waistline. It is very attractive because it is conforming with instead of annihilating Nature's lines.

Simplicity is the creed of the day and as everyone knows there is nothing so smart as charming simplicity. It is a very good creed for the dressmaker. It forms a conception of dress which acts as a censor, frowning on all exaggerations and disposing of unnecessary complications in cut and unlovely overloading of ornament.

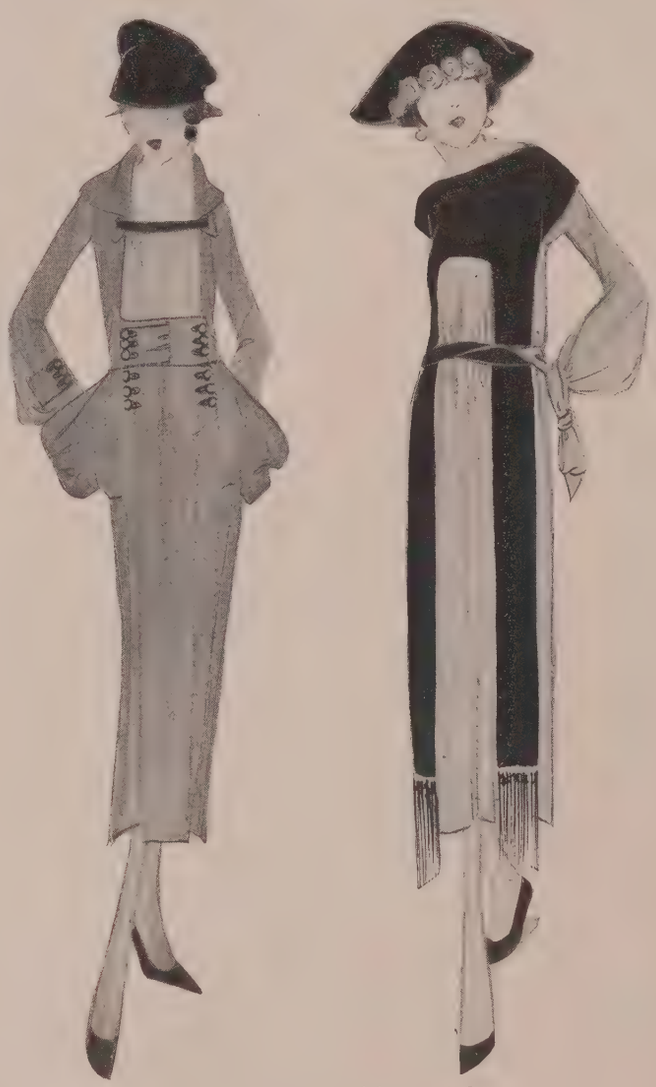
It makes not the slightest objection to the gayest combinations of color, provided they are harmonious or to color contrasts made with the aritist's sense and for this reason, I believe, that just color will play a very important rôle in this year's frocks. There are as many different kinds of beauty in gowns as there are in Nature, which are all augmented by the play of color. There are flower gowns in delicate tints, some are richer and suggest Autumn foliage, there is the straight sapling gown, in fact there is scarcely a phase of beauty which cannot find expression in a frock.

The partiality to plain fabrics is another indication of the preference given to simple effects, each line, each touch gains an unusual value, when simplicity reigns. The spirit of a frock may be expressed in a ribbon, a flower, a feather, a jewel, a manipulation of fabric, each has individual importance as a revealing feature.

After the suits and trotteur dresses are designed for a Fall wardrobe, next in interest come the afternoon frocks and this Winter this type will have added significance for it is thought that there are some who will confine themselves to wearing semi-dress and that the dressier afternoon effects will have just as much success in this line as the more formal dinner gown.

Paris has not dictated or even helped us with regard to general lines this season, our own things are infinitely more alluring, she has done nothing but give us suggestions or inspiration for minor detail, more especially for this latter type of frock.

We have overdresses and panelled effects and are peculiarly becoming in doubled blouses, spiral lines and skirts with low drapings. Draping is of the utmost importance this season, for it will be used in slight and one-sided effects giving value to every fold. The back drapings caught up high are a logical evolution from the over-worked side effects and is peculiarly becoming in certain contours.



Two smart models created by Faibisy for Fall Wear

It is extraordinary how unhappy we are in selecting alluring titles for our extreme styles. Last season the barrel was unpopular, due as many thought to its ungainly title and this season there is an effort to calumniate a really graceful draping by calling it a bustle because it happens to be in the place where the old-time bustle used to reside. is quite clear in matters of t kind that there is a great deal i name.

We have sashes, surplices, high collars and the straight neck li There are wide panels to cove frock and narrow ribbon panels, t note the coat frock and the suit fr which borrow of other types, there is the little vest which gi an appearance of extreme youth ness. There are tunics of every and description, that Paris indul in freely, rather to the detriment the narrow lines. In fact all libert given to realize elegance by what ever method following the spirit the creator.

Above everything else in this son's modes, however, the fit should be emphasized, narrow li require narrow shoulders, fitt narrow sleeves, fitting, narrow ski fitting, the nipped-in waist, fitti In the perfection of fit, we know can excel the French artist and s the most beautiful of costumes look like nothing at all if it does perfectly mould to the figure, should never misconceive its portance. This is true, even of loose line gown, it must expres the symmetry of its lines an incl tion to hug the figure.

We are making a great many b gowns, especially for women who not slim, because there is a cer smartness about a black frock w can never be obtained in color, sombre, deep shades are very n sought as well, plum, burgu browns and taupes.

A great many serges, sa duvetyns and velvets are ord many of them accompanied by h some fur-trimmed coats to m Some of the most seductive m are in contrasting fabrics and sh designed for semi-dress or after wear.

Two of these, I have selected reproduction, both of them comb velvet with Georgette.

One model of old blue v rather emphasizes the straight effect, in spite of a full short below the waist which seems a back draping determined t seen at the sides. The sleeves straight, full front are of a li gray blue and just across the s neck is a strap of black velvet. the belt and below are tailored, toned effects. The second fro of pearl gray Georgette, scantil with half collar, half yoke effe black velvet, extending in two narrow panels down either si back and front. These panel fringed in black but between and panel are insertions of faille and a narrow looped c also of the blue.

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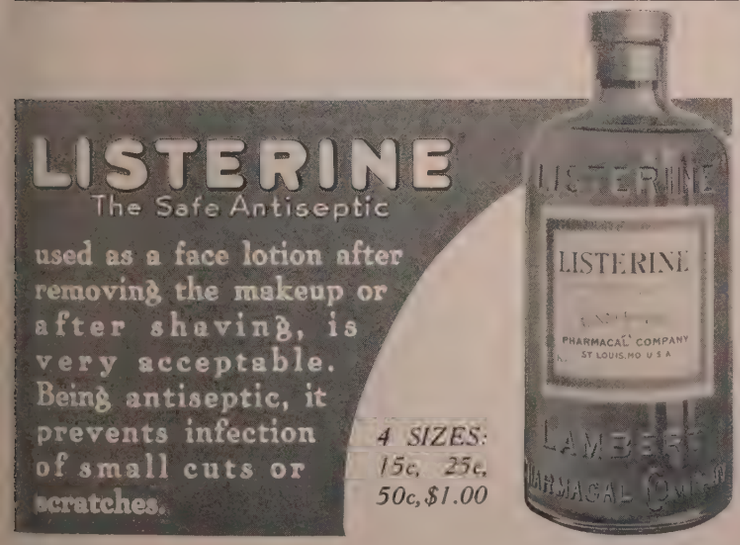

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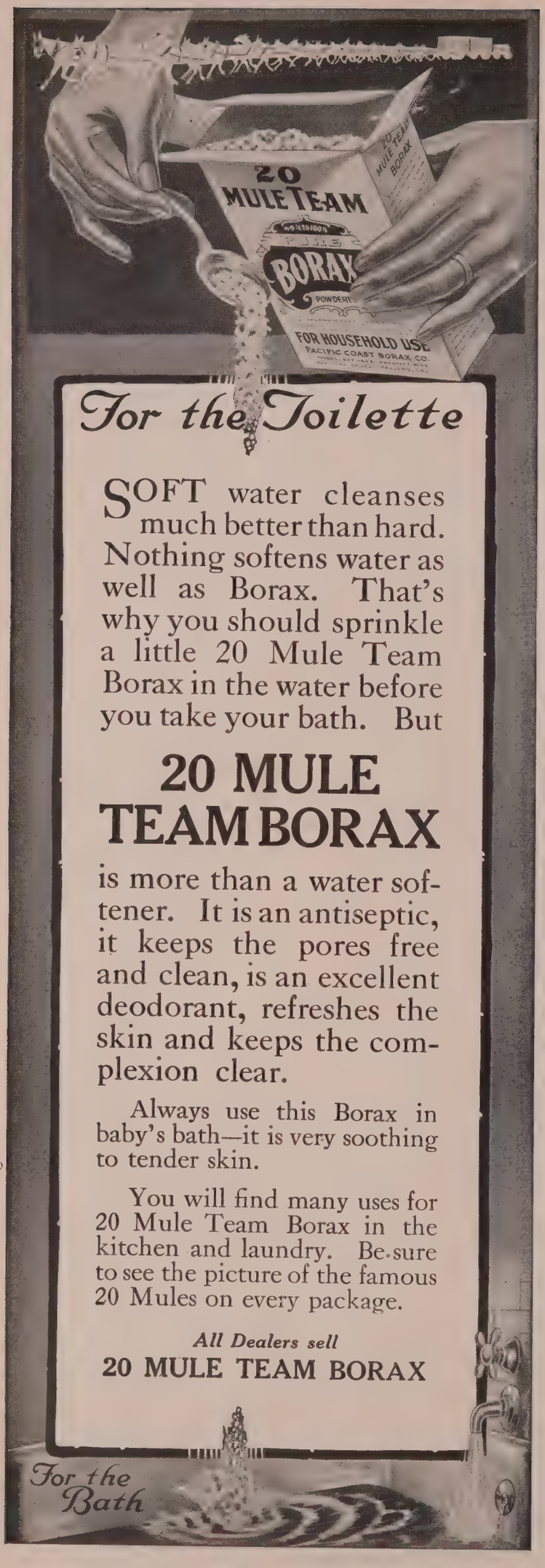
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Always use this Borax in baby's bath—it is very soothing to tender skin.
You will find many uses for 20 Mule Team Borax in the kitchen and laundry. Be sure to see the picture of the famous 20 Mules on every package.
All Dealers sell
20 MULE TEAM BORAX
For the Bath

OCTOBER BRINGS ANGELINA A HOUSE PARTY

(Continued from page 230)

choice of hat and bag there was the "very" waist waiting for Angelina when they came to the waist department, a slip-over blouse of beige chiffon finely soutached and combined with dark brown chiffon, hems and tying belt and such things. Mother herself fell madly in love—"quite disgraceful at your age," Angelina jollied her—with a model that had but lately arrived, the upper part of white chiffon cloth to which the lower part, of a very crinkly black crêpe, was attached in deep points, each outlined with a row of close-set small white buttons.

"Hurry, Mother. It's already twelve," urged Angelina, "and my suit is still to come. She hustled Mother out of McCreery's and into the car. "Bonwit Teller and Company, please, James."

"This is the first time in many years that you haven't had a suit made to order," remarked Mother, a bit pensively on their way up the Avenue.

"When I take you into the suit department of Bonwit Teller, you'll know the reason why," explained Angelina. "They are making a specialty this Fall of the plain, tailored suits. Just the kind I would have if I were going to order one. Of course, I don't mean that they haven't other kinds, but that's the type that suits me best. The cut is wonderful, especially around the shoulders, which is so hard to get right as a rule. I know because I've been looking it up. I shall choose a dark brown duvetyn, probably."

But luck was with Angelina that day and she found a suit even better suited to her, of beige duvetyn, the coat cut with a flare to its skirt and bound with beige silk braid, the shoulders perfect and not an alteration needed anywhere. A brilliant match for all the accessories!

"I don't approve of your theory of choosing those first, but you certainly fell on your feet this time," remarked Mother as they were riding home.

"It wasn't 'falling,'" objected Angelina. "If you go to a real place like Bonwit Teller's you're bound to get real things, that's all."

After luncheon Angelina, with Josephine's assistance, started to get her "props"—as she called them together. Mother, knitting steadily, superintended from the *chaise longue*.

"How are you off for gloves and.....," she began, but was interrupted by a consternated cry from Josephine.

"Look, Madame! Miss Angelina's evening coat! The silk is in rags. It has just melted away in the Summe

"Bother!" remarked Angeli though in quite a mild and al to-bear-up tone. "Well, I shall ha to have another. I never did li that one anyway. Lucky I know ju the place....."

"You'll have to have that phrase your tombstone," broke in Moth sarcastically.

"But I do," Angelina went "I've been waiting for a chance it ever since last Spring."

"Do you mean Maxon's?" Moth inquired, "the place you discover and swore me to secrecy abo where they have model gowns such extraordinary values?"

"The same. I'll take a taxi a be back in an hour."

Twenty minutes later found A gelina at Maxon's jumping arou ecstatically from one beautiful eve ing coat to another, like an excit robin who has found more wor than it can manage. And, diffic as it seemed to make a selecti among such wealth, half an hour lat found her escorting homeward dazzling satin coat of the new "*cendie*" red with big collar and cu of dark fur.

"A wonder!" buzzed Angelin happy brain."

Skins this season are softer and more pliable t they ever have been before. Consequently can have coats in styles heretofore imagined imp sible of execution. Just, for instance, this lamb mole and ermine from Balch Price

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A short course of treatments will prove to you the astounding possibilities of the correct method of skin culture. Every complexion disfigurement, blackheads, open pores, crow's-feet, double chin, red nose, wrinkles, will be made to disappear by the magic of her art, sinking flabby muscles become firm, faded sun-parched cheeks and weather-beaten skin transformed and made clear, smooth and beautiful.

If you are unable to call upon Madame Rubinstein at this particular moment, send to her direct for those of her Valaze preparations for home treatment, quoted below for your convenience.

Valaze Beautifying Skin Food will restore, stimulate, and preserve the freshness and delicacy of the skin. Valaze will efface the fine lines that the summer sun has brought. Valaze will help to remove wrinkles, freckles, tan and weather-beaten appearance. By all means use Valaze Skin Food as the foundation of a good complexion. Valaze is the secret of beauty. Price, $1.25, $2.25 and $6 a pot.

Valaze Skin Toning Lotion, used in conjunction with Valaze Skin Food so as to obtain better and more rapid results. For ordinary or greasy skins, $1.25, $2.25 and $5; for dry skins, $2 and $4.

Valaze Snow Lotion (Blanc des Perles) a liquid powder and beauty lotion par excellence. Price, $1.25, $2.25 and $5 a bottle.

Valaze Beauty Grains, a specialty for greasy and shiny skins that remove coarse, open pores and blackheads. $1 a tin, upwards.

Valaze Liquidine overcomes greasiness and "shine" of the skin and undue flushing of the nose and gives a cool, fair and mat appearance to the complexion. Helps to overcome blackheads and open pores. Price, $1.50, $2.75 and $5.50 a bottle.

Valaze Roman Jelly is an astringent balm, consolidates and makes firm loose and flaccid tissues. The tightening and smoothing out of the skin about the temples and about the eyes it accomplishes is most remarkable. Price, $1.50 and $3.

Valaze Reducing Jelly (price $1.50, $3) also the Valaze reducing Soap (price $1.25 a cake) are the two most effective preparations to remove a double chin as well as superfluous fat and to restore beauty of line to face and throat.

Valaze Eyelash Grower stays falling eyelashes and eyebrows, strengthens their growth and at the same time darkens them. Price, $1.50.

Valaze Lip Lustre, tinted or untinted, unique, lasting, preserves the health of the lips, and greatly enhances their beauty. Price, $1.

Valaze Complexion Powder for greasy or normal skins. Novena Poudre for dry skins. In five tints, flesh, rose, creme, rachel and white. Price, $1, $2.50 and $4.50 a box.

A copy of Mme. Rubinstein's booklet "Beauty in the Making" will be sent on receipt of 2c stamp to cover postage.

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN

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FURS, MADAME

NEVER have the expensive furs been more in demand," says Monsieur Révillon.

"Women are going to wear a great deal of sable and ermine," says the house of Balch Price.

And ditto, ditto, say the firms of Gunther and Shayne.

Curious thing, this Fashion! Would you ever have picked this as *the* year for luxurious furs? But so it is.

The fur people don't really explain the fact. Except to say that American women increasingly want the best of everything. Are aware too when they are getting it. "You American women *know* your furs," was the way Monsieur Révillon put it.

Along with the aspiration for sable goes a revival of mink, the fur that wears forever. Révillon shows some lovely coats of it, the skins artfully put together in a wave formation that gives the mink a certain resemblance to sable.

Every year one exclaims that never have furs been so marvelous, but this year the fur people have truly surpassed themselves. The skins are softer, lighter in weight, though just as warm, more pliable—like pieces of velvet. Balch Price say they have let no extra labor stand in the way of working out their models just as if they had cloth to deal with, and the consequence is such a variety of stunning fur coats as we have never had before.

One unusual example of this skilled manipulating of the skins—seen at Balch Price—was a circular cape of Hudson seal, long and full, the Italian army cape its very evident prototype. A beauty! And as light as a feather. Another example was the coat of mole and ermine shown in the photograph, which tells its own story.

At Gunther's I saw the new fox skin scarves and muffs, and was told that fisher, also a wear-forever fur, was being revived for these scarf and muff sets.

Photo Charlotte Fairchild
From Shayne—a new coat of beaver and Hudson seal—posed by Miss Talmadge

A silver thread among the gold!

What *are* the new "foxes"? (You speak of them that way.)

Well, the shape is the same as last year, a flat skin silk or chiffon lined—and linings, by the way, are of the greatest importance this Fall—or a closed skin. But they have been dyed the loveliest new and rich shades of brown. Baumarten fox, for instance, is deep in tone, a real *tête de nègre;* Kamchatka and Amber come next; and then Georgette, a dyed red fox.

As to muffs, poor dears, they haven't been dolled up at all. They are quite the same as last year,—small or medium.

Packer's Liquid Tar Soap

IF you are frankly fastidious about the appearance of your hair, shampoo with this dependable product——an effective cleanser that leaves the hair soft and attractive. Very delicately perfumed.

Clysmic—Of Course

Because Clysmic is so far the aristocrat of sparkling waters that hospitality requires it to be on hand whenever one entertains.

15 grains of Lithia Salts to the gallon.
Sold everywhere in splits, pints and quarts only.

Don't accept ordinary waters

Insist on genuine

CLYSMIC
THE KING OF TABLE WATERS
Bottled at
The Clysmic Springs at
WAUKESHA, WIS.

AT THE McALPIN

Two young women, comprising the dance entertainment feature of the McAlpin Hotel grill room, have in all probability sounded the death knell for the man dancer in so far as that individual's indispensability as a member of the ballroom "dance team" is concerned.

And the call to arms is directly responsible for this condition of affairs.

Miss Hazel Allen and Miss Leonora Hughes are now the dance hostesses of the McAlpin roof, and are appearing nightly in their "Dances of All Nations" in costume.

Miss Hughes, returning from a very successful season at the Saratoga Casino, found herself suddenly bereft of a partner through the "defection" of her partner, Donald Crane, who elected to enter the army and won an appointment to the Officers' Training Corps at Plattsburg.

MILITARY MODES IN MEN'S DRESS

By BEAUNASH

ONLY a temperament akin to that of the first-nighter at the "death watch," who symbolizes the *issimo* degree of human callousness, can remain insensible to those profound changes which are taking place in men's fashions because of the war and all that follows in its wake. Other days—other ways!

Much has passed out which will never come back. Those *minauderies* of dress, which used to mark the gay philanderer, the social trifler, the juggler of thistledown, the halver of hairs, have been crunched under the heel of the soldier.

In England, the birthplace of men's fashions, "the ignoble sprigs of noble prigs" have shown on the battlefield a nobility far beyond that of armorial bearings and inherited prowess on the polo field, proving to an astonished world that coats-of-arms are not incompatible with arms-in-the-coat.

This leanness and toughness of khaki and puttees; this spruceness and *élan* of troops at line-up; this stoicism, which throws dice with death and loses with a smile; this fatalism of "gather ye rosebuds while ye may," for they'll soon stop blooming; this spirit of the soldier, rangy, blustering, adventurous, gypsy-like, but always uncompromisingly masculine, dominates present-season fashions to the exclusion of every other theme.

You hear no end of so-called "trench coats," but the genuine trench coat of the British Army Officer is a totally different affair from the make-believe nondescripts which are hawked about in this country at preposterous prices.

In the first place, a trench coat is not a trench coat unless it is soak-proof. The English Officer would be jolly well blowed before he'd think of crossing to France and going into active service with simply a belt-and-buckle wool coat, pleated, pocketed and flaring-skirted. It would turn to rags in the first rain.

The authentic trench coat of the London military outfitter has been evolved from three years of grim fighting, and it is the only one true to type.

The outer shell is of khaki drill or twill, with an interlining of oiled cambric, or a removable fleece lining, or a removable sheepskin lining. The object of the detachable lining is to provide two-coats-in-one, a coat for warmth and a coat for wet, or both together, as the weather commands.

Khaki drill or twill is used outside as it is impervious to clay or mud, which is a characteristic of the soil of France and Flanders, and which it is impossible to scrape off ordinary stuffs. A single day's duty in the trenches would make a sorry pulp of the usual sort of coat.

A very smart London trench coat which has been adapted to civilian use for cold-weather sports, the motor and even town wear, is of gabardine or khaki twill with a deep-sweeping fur collar.

It is double-breasted, of course, and has a lambskin lining which is removable, thus constituting two-coats-in-one. The back is seamless and terminates in full-fold drapery of start with a ripple edge. The waist is gathered in by a strap and buckle of the same stuff with hip buckle. The sleeves have a narrow strap and buckle. The pockets are welted and run up-and-down.

Such a coat and others like it, be they lined with skin, fur or fleece, truly interpret the martial *motif* in contemporaneous dress without overdoing it, for it is fatally easy to make mock of the whole thing.

© A Trench Coat from Finchley

Among the fashionable topcoating colors from London for Autumn and Winter one meets blues, plums, browns, khakis, drabs, grays, greens and so on, as well as blendings of two or three of them, or plain colors set off with colored silk threads or double silk stripes.

Upsetting expectations, the colors and patterns have no dun-colored war-time sombreness about them, but are brighter and warmer than during any season within the last three years.

To be sure, blacks and dark grays, symbolizing mourning and half-mourning, are an inevitable accompaniment of these troubled times, when scions of the first families of England and Scotland have shared in the last argument of kings.

The topcoatings for knockabout and country wear are roughish of nap, such as worsteds and cheviots. Those for more formal town-wear are smooth-finished, as Elysians, vicunas, beavers and the like.

The war has given quite a fillip to the Raglan shoulder on topcoats, which, after an eclipse of several years, is again seen on types of overgarments having a military or pseudo-military character.

These coats, are, of course, loose and flaring, with a straight drop of back and a swishy amplitude of skirt. They may button through or have fly-fronts. Covert cloths are notably suited to the Raglan cut, but other stuffs are also used.

As far as topcoats, wholly or partly military, go, their name is regiment, and they range in but all the way from aviators' tunics to simple (and simple-minded) trench (sic) conceptions so fearsomely and fantastically wrought, that instead of robbing war of its horrors, they invent new ones.

Coats of this sort are bellicosely belted, buckled, box-pleated and be-pocketed, supposably on the theory that the civilian hankers to look "dressed to kill." Faith, he ought to be killed, not killing, for blustering about in some of these numskulleries.

While the tendency of the mode in civilian topcoats is toward longer skirts, that in strictly military coats demands short ones, about to the knee, for the army officer must leave his legs unencumbered.

Topcoats to accompany evening dress may be the close-fitting Chesterfields in black or darkest gray, or the Inverness capes of black or blue-black, or the double-breasted frock overcoats known to the tailors' guild as the Paletot.

Then, there is no end of fur-trimmed coats with black broadcloth shells and Persian lamb or other collars, lined with muskrat and other snug pelts.

Russian sable greatcoats are so rare now-a-days, that their cost may well mount above $10,000.

BIRDS of a FEATHER
ORIGINAL

"What are we coming to?"

Beginning with the November issue the first of a series of timely articles and unique illustrations commenting upon and depicting the newest and smartest creations for "Milady-of-the-Moment's" Wardrobe

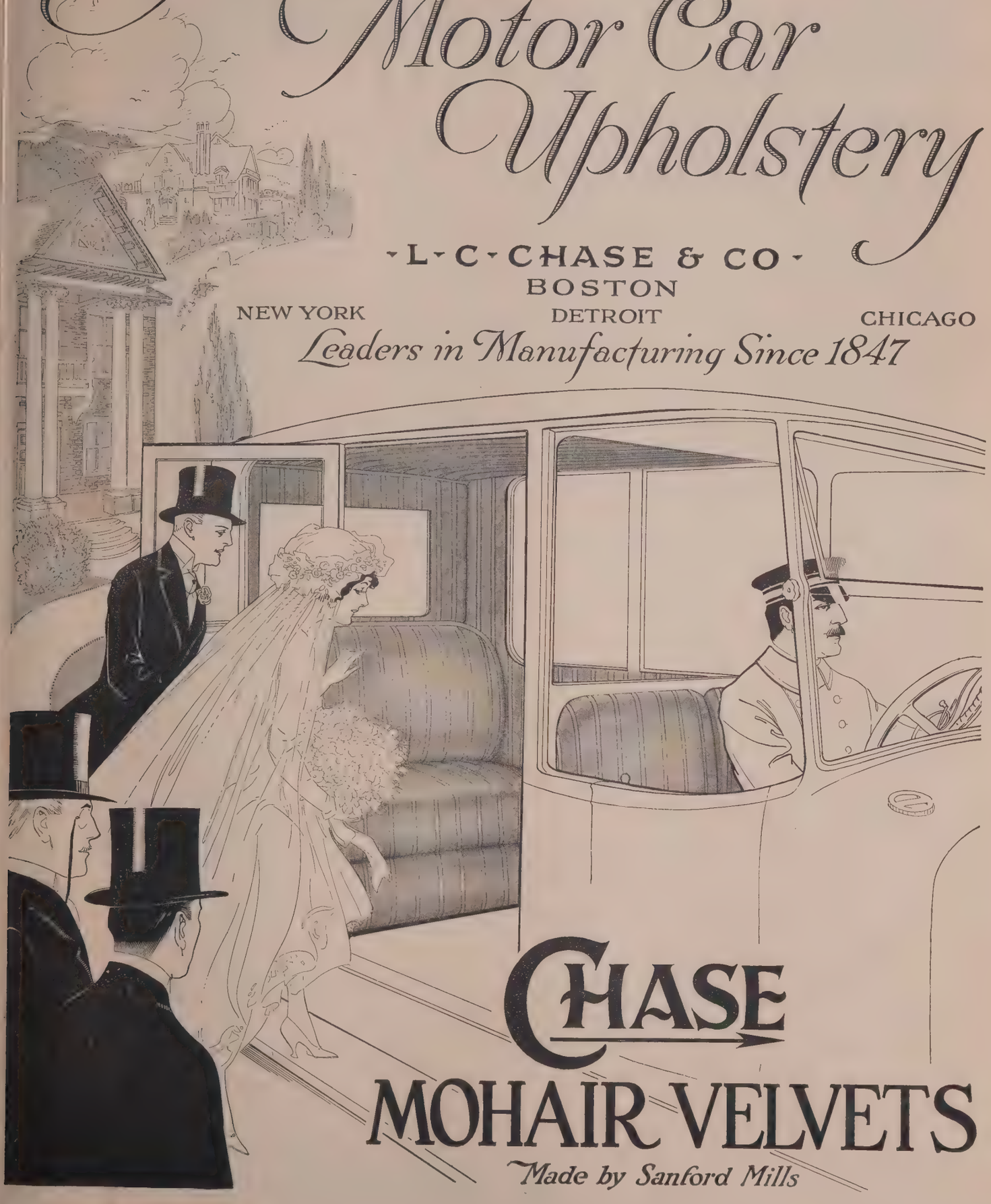
By

Howard Kenneth Greer

Late designer with Lady Duff Gordon

will appear in the Theatre Magazine

The Luxurious Motor Car Upholstery



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A Corner in the New Shop of the Columbia Graphophone Co. on Fifth Avenue.

A Unique Show Place Combining Art and Practical Storekeeping.

NO one unfamiliar with the purpose of the Columbia Graphophone Company in establishing such a unique show-place could have imagined its interior as it really exists. For this shop is no more a mere store than an art gallery is, or than are the spacious rooms of the old English castles from where our best period furniture originates.

Men took their hats off immediately on entering. They do still. This, not because there is an unprecedented excess of luxury there—that would be impossible on Fifth Avenue—but because every single phase of the spacious reception room, its paneled walls, its draperies, tapestries and carved furniture all compound the aristocratic refinement of a like room in some noble castle still ruled by a private family.

"But where are the Grafonolas?" is the insistent question.

"Right here," is the reply of the salesman as he throws open a panel in the Jacobean cabinet and discloses in this century-old setting the most modernly perfect music-producing mechanism.

The moral, as a neighboring playgoer remarked, is, "Do not get rapped on the bean."

Jane Grey is unusually satisfying as Annie. Vincent Serrano spoils the effect of his work with too much effort. The rest of the cast is efficient, Walter Wilson as the private detective contributing largely to the entertainment.

Viewed between partly closed eyelids, the prologue and epilogue arrangement,—the story itself—the melodramatic manner of its presentation—the elaborate settings—the clever lighting effects—the swift and numerous changes of scene—and the final curtain descending in fade-out fashion—all inevitably smack of the movies. Maybe "De Luxe Annie" is just a scenario that hasn't found itself.

HIPPODROME. "CHEER UP." Musical review by R. H. Burnside. music by Raymond Hubbell, lyrics by John L. Golden. Produced on August 23.

PLAYS may come and plays may go, but the Hippodrome remains forever. It is a typical Broadway institution—even though situated on Sixth Avenue. No New Yorker ever misses it, and it is the first playhouse that the out-of-towner turns to for entertainment.

And why not?

At the Hippodrome you are sure of a good show. This year's entertainment easily takes its place among the best of its kind. There are scenes of exquisite beauty, splendid spectacular effects, clowns, elephants, diving girls and catchy tunes.

"Cheer Up" certainly lives up to its name.

BELASCO. "POLLY WITH A PAST" Comedy in three acts by George Middleton and Guy Bolton. Produced on September 6 with this cast:

Harry Richardson	Cyril Scott
Rex Van Zile	Herbert Yost
Prentice Van Zile Stiles	H. Reeves-Smith
Clay Collum	William Sampson
A Stranger	George Stuart Christie
"Bob" Barker	Robert Fischer
Polly Shannon	Thomas Reynolds
Mrs. Martha Van Zile	Ina Claire
Myrtle Davis	Winifred Fraser
Mrs. Davis	Anne Meredith
Parker	Louise Galloway
	Mildred Dean

INA CLAIRE is not the whole secret of the success of "Polly With a Past" at the Belasco Theatre. Without her there would be less charm in Polly, but there is uncommon skill in the handling of the slight material of this play.

A maid in the home of an artist suggests, not as a prank but as the practical solution of a certain situation, that someone be found to personate an alluring French adventuress, an imposture to make love to a certain young man in order to make his sweetheart jealous and thus promote his marriage. The maid, Ina Claire, Polly in the play, becomes this actress. She is the idea and fulness of the play. The complication is old as drama itself but the piece is amusing.

Ina Claire walks through the diverting scenes with a self-assurance that is as charming as her naturalness. Her affectations and sinuosities in walk as the actress are a delightful make-believe.

Everything that transpires is entirely harmless. Polly has experienced none of the experiences that she hints at, and we know the truth that Polly is good; we forgive her the rouge on her face, for we know that the falseness it betokens is to be taken in the contrary sense. Polly explains that she is a minister's daughter, and when she says grace at the table she does it so sweetly none can take offense. We are well satisfied when she is so appealing to an elderly visitor that he asks her to dine with him, "just you and me."

This is Miss Claire's first work on the dramatic stage. Sung and danced she has in light opera. It does not require to be told that the rest of the cast are of fine quality, worthy of the theatre and their present association.

LONGACRE. "LEAVE IT TO JANE." Musical comedy by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse. Produced August 28 with this cast:

Ollie Mitchell	Ruloff Cutten
Matty McGowan	Dan Collyer
"Stub" Talmadge	Oscar Shaw
"Silent" Murphy	Thomas Delmar
Bessie Tanner	Ann Orr
Sally Cameron	Jane Carroll
Bertha Tyson	Lillian Cullen
Cora Jenks	Catherine Mack
Martha Abbott	Marie King
Josephine Barclay	Frances Burns
Louella Banks	Arline Chase
Marion Mooney	Helen Rech
Cissie Summers	Tess Mayer
Peter Witherspoon	Frederic Graham
Howard Talbot	Algernon Grieg
Jane Witherspoon	Edith Hallor
Jimsey Hopper	Harry Forbes
Dick McAllister	D. E. Charles
Flora Wiggins	Georgia O'Ramey
Hiram Bolton	Will C. Crimans
Billy Bolton	Robert G. Pitkin
Hon. Elam Hicks	Allan Kelly
Harold ("Bub") Hicks	Olin Howland

THERE is a saving virtue about an opera. Everybody does his best. Everybody has a chance to shake his leg—or her leg—and raise his or her voice so it can be heard. In modern comedy proper the rule is that the voice shall not be heard beyond the sixth row. The result of the comic opera method is that considerable happiness is diffused. With George Ade's story familiar to all who have been at college or who have not, it only remains to record that the conscripts were valorous, diverting, efficient in all that was required of them.

Edith Hallor, as Jane (the daughter of Peter Witherspoon), is endowed as (everything about a college should be) with fine qualities. Feminine in charm, she has the beauty of open-door health. Georgia O'Ramey, as the "prominent waitress," dances and sings and witticises her way through triumphantly. Ann Orr, as Bessie, described as an athletic girl, has her strong points. Ruloff Cutten, a sophomore, Dan Collyer, as a trainer, Oscar Shaw, as an undergraduate, Charles Holly, Robert Pitkin, Olin Howland, and others, all of them comic cut-ups, contributed happily to that which was not left to Jane.

COHAN AND HARRIS. "A TAILOR-MADE MAN." Comedy in four acts by Harry James Smith. Produced on August 27, with this cast:

Mr. Huber	Gus Weinberg
Mr. Rowland	L. E. Connesse
Peter	Barlowe Borland
Dr. Gustavus Sonntag	Theodore Friebus
Tanya Huber	Helen-MacKellar
John Paul Bart	Grant Mitchell
Pommeroy	Rowland Buckstone
Mrs. Stanlaw	Minna Gale Haynes
Mr. Stanlaw	Harry Harwood
Corinne Stanlaw	Mona Kingsley
Dorothy	Adrienne Bonnell
Bobby Westlake	Lloyd Carpenter
Mr. Fleming	John Wall
Mr. Crane	John Maccabee
Mr. Carroll	Douglas Farne
Mrs. Fitzmorris	Josephine Deffry
Mr. Fitzmorris	Phil Hardy
Wheating	Frank G. Harley
Mrs. Kittie Dupuy	Lotta Linthicum
Bessie Dupuy	Nancy Power
Mr. Jellicott	A. P. Kaye
Abraham Nathan	Frank Burbeck
Miss Shayne	Gladys Gilbert
Mr. Greyson	Lawrence White

(*Concluded on page 255*)

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page 208*)

MOTION PICTURE SECTION

Edited by MIRILO

MISS CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

Who now heads her own individual organization, has decided upon Sudermann's powerful play "Magda" for her first screen offering. "Magda," a four-act play, was first produced by Sarah Bernhardt in Daly's Theatre, London, in 1895

PETROVA PICTURES

Petrova Picture Company

INC.

FIRST RELEASE:
on or about Oct. 22, 1917.

MIRILO GOES TO THE MOVIES

UNFAIR competition is the cancer that has ruined many an industry. True, you and I and all those who read this may differ as to what constitutes unfair competition. In so far as the motion picture industry is concerned, I am only going to deal with one phase that has been brought directly and forcibly to my attention, and which should be eradicated, uprooted and thrown out immediately. At no time and for no valid reason is it necessary for any two producers of motion pictures to use the same title or subject. The producer who first announces the name and stars of his production is absolutely entitled to the protection of that priority. At various times in the history of the motion picture industry he has not been accorded these rights with the result that in the end the innocent motion picture theatregoer is the sufferer. It was not so long ago that two "Carmens" were announced, one starring Geraldine Farrar and the other Theda Bara. There followed then the announcement of two productions of "Romeo and Juliet." Soon after Herbert Brenon announced a picture entitled "The Fall of the Romanoffs" with Iliodor. William A. Brady, of the World Film Corporation, started secretly a production entitled "Rasputin the Black Monk." Ordinarily, these might not conflict with each other in any possible way, but in this particular instance they undoubtedly will as "The Fall of the Romanoffs" is their basic idea. That, however, is not the point at issue; which is purely and simply one of ethics. Is it ethical for one producer knowingly to market a motion picture the subject matter and title of which have been previously announced by a competitor? It is a question which the motion picture industry must decide for itself. It seems to me decidedly wrong and absolutely unjust, not to say uncalled for. It would appear as though the picture material at issue was the last subject matter available. The result of the conflict as far as the public is concerned will always be in doubt. The motion picture fan will probably see one of the two pictures. Which one is decidedly a matter of chance. The copyright, trade-mark and laws of registry are entirely too inadequate. It seems to me that it would pay the motion picture industry to force proper and definite legislation on these important subjects. Perhaps it can't be done. But if the law is inadequate, why not make an attempt to change it? Doing away with moral as well as legal plagiarism will help considerably to eradicate that bugbear of all industries —unfair competition.

RITZ-CARLTON. "THE FALL OF THE ROMANOFFS," with Iliodor.

Herbert Brenon's "The Fall of the Romanoffs," in ten reels was shown to a specially invited audience at the Ritz-Carlton. Herbert Brenon has handled a tremendous and new subject for him with a finesse and skill that does him credit. "The Fall of the Romanoffs" is a timely topic, and with the addition of the real Iliodor this photoplay possesses unusual interest. Edwin Connelly as Rasputin easily walks away with the acting honors of an exceptionally capable cast including Alfred Hickman as the Czar, Nance O'Neil as the Czarina, and Conway Tearle as Prince Felix. Herbert Brenon has endeavored to be historically correct and has used excerpts from national publications liberally. The production itself is a lavish one with an attentive eye to detail. The two big dramatic moments of this eight-reel picture are the killing of Rasputin and the refusal of the Czar's soldiers to fire upon the people. These scenes have been particularly well worked out. The finish of the picture itself is its weakest point. It leaves the impression of uncompletedness, but after all, the drama now being enacted in Russia seems to be by no means near completion. As a whole Herbert Brenon's "The Fall of the Romanoffs" is a decidedly noteworthy achievement.

* * *

PLAYHOUSE. "RASPUTIN THE BLACK MONK," with Montagu Love.

Within three days after the showing of "The Fall of the Romanoffs," William A. Brady showed his version entitled "Rasputin the Black Monk" to an especially invited audience at the Playhouse. First of all, the World Film version does not include Iliodor. Secondly, it is a series of salacious and lewd incidents in the life of Rasputin depicted well, but titled in such a manner as to leave nothing to the imagination. The theme itself with its basic idea of the fall of the Romanoffs is very poorly handled. With the exception of Montagu Love who stands out head and shoulders above the rest of the cast, the production is in no way noteworthy. There are one or two interpolated scenes of the actual Russian revolution taken either from some topical weekly or from the Russian pictures which were recently shown at the Rialto. The effort to be historically correct does not seem sincere. The finish of the picture is particularly ludicrous, showing the Czar in exile taking his coat off and asking to be allowed to mow the grass of his lawn.. This is particularly funny as the Czar looks like a first-class buttonhole maker. Comparisons are at all times odious. But comparing "The Fall of the Romanoffs" with "Rasputin the Black Monk" is like comparing the Museum of Art with Barnum and Bailey's Circus.

* * *

THE STRAND THEATRE. "REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM," with Mary Pickford.

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" is from the play by Kate Douglas Wiggin, and Charlotte Thompson and has been produced for the screen by Artcraft. Mary Pickford as Rebecca is at her best in a story that seems to have been especially written for her peculiar talents. The marked enthusiasm of the audience proved some contentions I have for long held in regard to picture material. I have always maintained that a story need not been salacious, lewd, or misleading in its title to succeed. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" is ample proof of this contention, for its story is a clean, wholesome, entertaining one and with the piquant charm of Mary Pickford as an addition, means an hour and a quarter well spent. Direction, photography, attention to detail, are all good. Every motion picture exhibitor should book "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and everyone, young and old, should see it.

* * *

RIALTO THEATRE. "SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE," with George M. Cohan.

Artcraft Pictures Corporation present George M. Cohan in a screen adaptation of his mystery farce "Seven Keys to Baldpate." Whereas George M. Cohan was an essential factor in the stage success of "Seven Keys to Baldpate," he was not at all necessary to the screen version. Almost any other performer could have played the part of George Washington Magee, as well as Cohan did. The story lends itself admirably to pictures, although it is one of those stories where titles, no matter how good, can never take the place of dialogue. "Seven Keys to Baldpate" is by no means up to the standard set for Mr. Cohan in "Broadway Jones."

RIALTO THEATRE. "EFFICIENCY EDGAR'S COURTSHIP," with Taylor Holmes.

The Essanay Company presents Taylor Holmes in "Efficiency Edgar's Courtship," by Clarence Buddington Kelland, adapted from the stories in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Here again is a story that loses much as a picture because of the lack of action. Titles alone do not make a picture, and although there is considerable latent humor in the titles used in "Efficiency Edgar's Courtship," they are not sufficient in themselves to get the picture over. Taylor Holmes as Edgar Bumpus has been well cast and makes the most of a rather exacting rôle. A lot of mugging and unnecessary grimacing could be easily dispensed with. However, this is Holmes' first picture and better things may be expected of him. Edgar Bumpus is a man whose "bug" is efficiency. He goes so far as to apply it in the picking of a wife, where it by no means appears excruciatingly funny. Ernest Maupain as a horrid father, Virginia Valli as an efficiency loving girl, and Rodney La Rock as an accommodating rival proved acceptable. "Efficiency Edgar's Courtship" is a better story than picture.

* * *

ADELPHI THEATRE. "PANTS," with Mary McAlister.

Little Mary McAlister, Essanay's juvenile star, who plays the stellar rôle in "Pants," is by far the cleverest juvenile performer gracing the screen to-day. It is not often that an audience can sit through a five-reeler with a juvenile cast without

(*Concluded on page 248*)

A BROADWAY PRESS AGENT GOES WEST

AFTER spending ten days—almost as many nights and considerable hard-earned filthy lucre in and about the well-known film colony near and around Los Angeles, Cal., I have come to the conclusion that (to coin a new phrase) the photoplay industry is still in its infancy. At least, the individuals connected with this gigantic field of endeavor in California are youthful in spirit, even if some are not so in age.

Unlike the life of the ordinary mortal, the Los Angeles filmite upon conclusion of the day's toil does not think of the steaming dinner, the firey hearth and the downy couch. Not if he is free from the doctor's orders. Hardly has the clang of the time-clock faded into the thin, dry California air when Mr. Filmite thinks of but one thing—dinner at Hoffman's Restaurant. Whether he be that lowly cigarette consumer known as the press agent or the thousand-dollar-a-minute film star. Whether he grinds out scenarios over a flowing black artist's tie or has the sign "Studio Manager" on his office door. As long as he is a member of the film colony he has dinner at Hoffman's. If he is married he picks his wife up at a corner drug store en route, if he is single he picks up a Hawaiian cocktail at the Alexandria bar before reaching the evening's festive board.

Although the humor around the dinner table of the motion picture family at Hoffman's is such as at time, would pain the hardened Broadway critic, it is accepted good-naturedly here. Walter McNamara, scenario-writer, tells stories that start with the soup and end when, upon draining the demi tasse, good old Bill Hart blows the crowd to very excellent cigars. Should by any rare chance, Walter be absent, Hal Cooley, a motion picture actor with a thousand (verified) admirers tells of the days when he "slung hash for six dollars a week and worked as chief bed-maker in a rooming house."

At this point Carlyle Robinson, Chief Arranger of Parties and incidentally press agent for Charlie Chaplin, bursts into the happy gathering, demanding quick service from Fritz, the dispenser of food for the film folks, and between bites issues a call for volunteers to "even up" a party for the evening. If one speaks quick one is fortunate enough to be included in Carlyle's party, an affair which takes place every evening and ends in time to allow the working person to arrive at the studio on time the following day. The program of the evening for such an affair includes, without fail, a trip to the Vernon Country Club on the outskirts of Los Angeles. Should any member of the film colony have failed to be among those present at Hoffman's, they will surely be found at Vernon's later in the evening. At this resort one is permitted to dance, a privilege which is denied in Los Angeles, not only for the love of the terpsichorean art but for attractive (guaranteed) silver loving cups. The desire to win the cup seems to be firmly imbedded in the hearts of every patron of Vernon's regardless of how little the individual knows regarding the poetry of motion. However, after several visits to this popular place I fail to see how this feeling can exist for anyone except Lottie Pickford, whose collection of Vernon's cups must by this time, fill a large-sized warehouse. Each evening film persons and others, try for the cup and each evening Lottie leaves the place with it tucked snugly under her arm. The orchestra is good—but sadly spoiled. It will play one short dance and then stop until someone endeavors to hit the leader with a coin ranging in worth from four bits to one of those shiny five-dollar gold pieces. There is no such thing as a tipless encore as far as these accomplished musicians are concerned (I hope no Broadway orchestra leader reads this). The lone cabaret entertainer does not endeavor to amuse the whole audience at the same time. He has a more potent manner of extracting more of the big round dollars which are so current in this neck of the woods. Attached to his hand is a chair which he drags around after him. Without further ceremony he joins a "party" at a table, pulls up his chair and squats down in their midst regardless of whether the welcome sign on the door mat is meant for him or not. With the orchestra accompanying him from a far-distant part of the room he recites or sings (according to his mood) to his immediate party, making sure that those at the next table do not hear his offering so that he can attack them separately. He will torture his victims until a coin of the realm makes its appearance and when the coins are properly extracted he throws them with uncanny dexterity across the room on to a small stage guarded by members of the aforementioned orchestra.

JACKIE SAUNDERS

KATHLEEN CLIFFORD

West Coast Favorites

It was in this setting that Eric Campbell, Charlie Chaplin's corpulent leading man met dainty little Pearl Gilman, of vaudeville fame, at a dinner given to the writer soon after his arrival in the land where, according to Bennie Zeidman only, a person is compelled to sleep under blankets due to the cool evenings. (It is rumored that Bennie collects a royalty from the local Board of Trade.) The meeting of Eric and Pearl would have proved just an ordinary instance, and the film colony would have continued on its blasé way, were it not for the fact that two things happened to Eric within four days after this meeting. The following night some ruthless person acquired a sudden passion for his beautiful gasolene consumer in which he never did less than 60, according to the police records, and without further consulting Eric, neglected to leave his card when he drove off with the car. No, Pearl and Eric were not compelled to walk home but they were forced to engage a Ford taxi which was just as bad, if not worse. Three evenings after this, making four after their meeting, the minister pronounced Pearl and Eric man and wife thus consummating the shortest romance the film colony has ever witnessed.

There are many other queer places within sixty miles of Los Angeles including the Ship Café on the Beach of Venice, where one enjoys all the comforts of an ocean voyage. At The Barn the visitor is greeted by a mysterious person who looks through a cubby hole in the door and if the caller satisfies his demands he is made a "member of the club" with a membership card "and everything." The visiting party is then placed in a regulation stable stall and served by a prop farmer. Dancing and merrymaking is here in order until long after New York is fast asleep. In Los Angeles the Alexandria Hotel, with its famous bar and its equally famous mixed drinks, is the place de resistance for the cosmopolitan citizen. The Alexandria is also made famous as a result of the fact that Ed. Durling, the slender representative of the *N. Y. Morning Telegraph* holds forth there. In the beautiful lobby will be found Mr. Durling's busy office—the two leather arm-chairs to the right as you enter. It is here that Bennie Zeidman, Pat Dowling, Ken O'Hara, Ken McGaffey and other famous press persons browbeat the docile Durling into giving them space in his paper for their various and respective stars. It is also here that J. C. Jessen, Monroe Lathrop, Guy Price and other reporters of great repute gather to collect carbon copies of press stories given to Durling.

One thing must be said in favor of the film colony of Los Angeles. It contains the most democratic selection of good fellows ever assembled in one spot on this globe. In their quiet, simple way they can afford even the most blasé Broadwayite a night in Bohemia that will last long in his memory—as well as his constitution. When Broadway turns off its lights the California Film Colony begins to enjoy the evening. If the party is desirous of dancing after 2 A.M., what is more simple than to engage the cabaret orchestra, load it into taxi-cabs and continue the dancing at Eric Campbell's palatial bungalow, with its splendid hardwood floor and its complete buffet? It is a great life—if you don't weaken.

'Tis Violet Mersereau, Bluebird star that you are gazing at. Violet has won contests for beauty, popularity, and such like, with astonishing regularity—that is, it's astonishing until you meet Violet!

Looking at Mabel Normand one would never suspect her of being the comedienne that she is. Millions have laughed at her Keystone Comedies and undoubtedly will duplicate their laughter when her first Goldwyn picture is released

Elizabeth Risdon as Kate in George Tucker's photo-dramatic version of Hall Caine's "The Manxman," has affixed her signature to a William Faversham contract. This is one instance where the stage gains what the screen loses

You may wonder how the horse got in on this page. The truth of the matter is that you cannot separate Bessie Barriscale from her trusty steed, in her Paralta production of Harold MacGrath's mysterious romance "Madame Who"

Marguerite Clark, dainty little star of many successful Paramount Pictures, will repeat her triumphs of "Miss George Washington", "Snow White" and "The Amazons". As the popular character Bab and the "Sub Deb" she will appear in several of the Mary Roberts Reinhart stories of Saturday Evening Post fame, the first of which is "Bab's Diary".

A Library of Photoplay Classics

Paramount is building a library of Photoplay classics —selecting the best standard works and also the most promising efforts of modern playwrights and dramatists, and unusual photoplay stories. The best stellar talent available is featured in the vehicle best adapted to his other particular personality and ability.

For instance, in one month is released the following

Paramount Pictures

Sir Arthur W. Pinnero's "The Amazons" with dainty Marguerite Clark; "The Varmint," Owen Johnson's famous Lawrenceville story with the clever youngsters Jack Pickford and Louise Huff; the inimitable Douglas Fairbanks in "Down to Earth," an original photoplay by Mr. Fairbanks himself; George Broadhurst's successful play, "The Law of the Land," adapted to the screen for Mme. Petrova; Wallace Irwin's popular Japanese Schoolboy stories adapted to the photoplay for a picture entitled "Hashimura Togo," presenting the gifted Japanese actor Sessue Hayakawa; the American idol George M. Cohan in an adaptation of his successful mystery farce "Seven Keys to Baldpate," and the charming Vivian Martin in an original photoplay entitled "Little Miss Optimist."

It will pay devotees of the photoplay to *select* Paramount Pictures. The manager of the local theatre wants to please you—make sure he shows Paramount Pictures.

Paramount Pictures Corporation
FOUR EIGHTY FIVE FIFTH AVENUE at FORTY FIRST ST.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Controlled by FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.
Adolph Zukor, *Pres.* Jesse L. Lasky, Vice-Pres.
Cecil B. DeMille, Dir. Gen.

MIRILO GOES TO THE MOVIES

(Continued from page 245)

becoming fidgety. But "Pants" is such a charming effervescent story replete with subtle humor that its length is forgotten—in fact the picture ends all too soon. "Pants" is the story of a little girl who wants to play with all the boys, doing all the things that boys do, and saying all the things that boys say. She does all of these, thereby shocking a spinster aunt and delighting a bachelor uncle and an indulgent father. "Pants" are not always an attractive sight, but with Mary McAlister in them they become as attractive as the most alluring lingerie.

* * *

STRAND THEATRE. "THE TEN OF DIAMONDS," with Dorothy Dalton.

The Triangle Pictures Corporation presents Dorothy Dalton in "The Ten of Diamonds," by Albert Cowles. Neither the Triangle nor Cowles have achieved anything to be proud of. "The Ten of Diamonds" is an impossible, improbable story, which neither mystifies nor entertains. Dorothy Dalton as Neva Blaine, a barroom seductress, who is picked up and out by a man who has been left "waiting at the church" and whose idea of revenge is to stick his enemy with Dorothy, plays a mean and unappreciative part. The Triangle have stolen a little of their own thunder for some of the first scenes are very reminiscent of "The Flame of the Yukon," which, by the way, was an excellent picture. Sitting through "The Ten of Diamonds" is a foolish way of spending the afternoon or evening.

THE SCREEN WINS MARGARET MAYO

Miss Margaret Mayo and her devoted companion

IT is just a bit staggering when a successful woman playwright begins an interview by saying:

"I don't think I shall ever write another play."

It is "copy," too, splendid copy. Too splendid, the interviewer is apt to think, as he recalls that Margaret Mayo is also a member of a very prominent Broadway producing firm and that one of her plays, "Baby Mine," is still going round the world hunting for a language into which it has not yet been translated. Even the charm of her frank blue eyes and the rigidity of her reputation as a truth-teller would hardly prevent you from thinking twice over her renunciation of the stage, unless you happened to possess certain further facts.

The facts: The lady happens also to be a leading factor in a new firm of photoplay producers. For the past eight months she has worked ceaselessly in their studio. Within the last few weeks the releases of the new firm began with two films made from her plays "Polly of the Circus" and "Baby Mine."

But there was another surprise.

"I suppose you will write original scenarios, now that you have seen 'Polly of the Circus' and 'Baby Mine' on the screen?"

"No, I don't think I shall write any

Taylor Holmes' simple diet seems anything but a laughing matter to us—however, perhaps "Efficiency Edgar" is smiling at the ease and simplicity with which he wooed and won the lady on the opposite side of the page, otherwise, Virginia Valli, his leading lady in "Efficiency Edgar's Courtship," released by Essanay

Laugh and the world laughs with you, is aptly illustrated by Lew Fields in the photo-play, "The Barker" by Charles K. Harris

The Dressler Producing Corporation presents Marie Dressler in "The Scrub Lady." Some scrub lady what? These pictures will be released by Goldwyn

Goldwyn Pictures

Goldwyn presents
The International Beauty
Maxine Elliott
IN
The Eternal Magdalene
From the tremendously successful play
by
Robert McLaughlin

In Leading Theatres Everywhere October 7th

This Marks The First Appearance On Any Screen of One of America's Loveliest Women and Popular Stage Favorites

THE SCREEN WINS MARGARET MAYO

(Continued from page 248)

scenarios, at least for a long time. I just want to help in the making of photoplays. They don't have to be my own. I want to work over the thousands of details that come up in the course of production. I want to see the growth, the assembling, of the elements that make that wonderful, powerful, satisfying new form of art, the photoplay, and then the diffusion into the thousand cities of the world. It is fascinating from beginning to end.

"And the final stage, the actual showing of your work before the public, brings a far keener pleasure than the career of any play. 'Baby Mine' is six years old, and, like a certain older gentleman, still going strong. But now that its life has been drawn out through all those years, it has lost interest for me. In fact once it was a produced success, 'Baby Mine' seemed a very unentertaining child. I hardly noticed that it grew slowly older and more and more prosperous.

"But the movies are so different! 'Baby Mine'—what a thrill it gave me to think that it flashed in one night out over scores of screens in distant cities, States and nations. And for the period of its life, it will live with an intensity a thousand times fiercer than its parent plays.

"Of course, I shall be happiest in my studio work when I am helping with the filming of a play of my own. For I shall know that at least one author is doing his duty by his story—and how few do that!

"The most serious criticism levelled at the screen to-day is on the score of its stories. Wiseacres propose that the film companies should do just what many of them *are* doing, pay prices which should induce fiction writers of the magazines and stage to write for the screen. But something more is necessary. The companies must pay enough to make the author follow his story through from 'continuity' to celluloid. It is to his advantage now, but he will not realize this until his work is put on a royalty basis or he is paid to come to the studio and watch the director work.

"I don't want the author to 'boss' the scenario writer or the director. I just want him to be ready with explanation and advice. I want him to tell the 'continuity' writer when he leaves out some incident that makes a character what it is intended to be. I want him to tell the director just what was in the back of his head when he invented some particular incident. And I want the 'continuity' man and the director to tell the author just where and why some part of his plot runs off the screen and has to be reshaped. Then we shall have better pictures and hear fewer kicks from the literati. An author nowadays lays his story down on the counter, picks up the check, walks away and then raises an astonished hullabaloo when the story doesn't come out on the screen the way it did in his head.

"I followed 'Polly of the Circus' and 'Baby Mine' straight through the process of filming, and I learned a lot. Perhaps I learned most from the last process of all—assembling and editing the final print. I did that work in the case of 'Baby Mine' and I discovered that when a director has 'shot' all the scenes, the company has disbanded and the laboratory has turned out its product, the photoplay is no nearer real production than when a play goes into rehearsal. In the cutting of the scenes, the elimination of some, the arrangement of the others, and the insertion of titles, the photoplay—and its success or failure—is really made.

"'Polly' was too much for me. I didn't dare try to do more than advise. It took eighty thousand feet—eighty reels—of positive film to record the acting. This was cut first to ten reels, and then finally Studio Manager Kennedy had to get it down to eight. And all this is a matter of cutting and matching scenes that vary only an infinitely small bit from those that have gone before. And there I think, as Goldwyn does, that a new point of view, other than the directors, is of vital importance."

And it's a fresh view that Miss Mayo has brought to the whole photoplay problem. That busy little question, which annoys the public quite as much as the scenario department—the novel versus the plays as a source of moving picture material—has a witness in Miss Mayo, and as it happens, an unprejudiced one.

"Frankly, when I began to think professionally about the photoplay, my idea was that the novel would make the best field for delvers after screen stories. The novel, it seemed to me, had more incident, and incident was what the screen needed. Yes, and a good many plays that I had seen screened helped me to come to that decision."

Miss Mayo's experience has driven her back upon the theatre in another way. She feels, from what she has seen of the results of production methods, that half the charge of cheapness, lack of good taste, and of aesthetic feeling lodged against the movies, will be eliminated when the "continuity" writer gives up the incessant, meaningless "flash back" and clatter and jump of which he is now too fond.

"These things have their place. That has been demonstrated by Mr. Griffith. But they are frightfully abused. The best stories, the stories that really make the screen a splendid entertainment, don't need them. My ideal, as I have seen it grow from actual experience, is a smooth, easy-running continuity of scenes with dramatic interest centered in one place at a time and developing steadily and rapidly, as it does on the stage.

"The 'dialogue of the screen'—the 'spoken titles' and 'leaders'—has been quite as much abused, both by omission and commission. It is the style nowadays to talk of the printed word on the screen as an artistic anachronism. Directors strive to eliminate it

Pedro De Cordoba, supporting Elsie Ferguson in Artcraft's production of "Barbary Sheep"

A beautiful unknown in Rex Beach's American drama "The Auction Block," presented by Goldwyn

Benjamin Chapin as Abe Lincoln, director, producer and star of the Lincoln Cycle

The pictures of The Italian Battlefront are a vivid indication of the remarkable work done by the Italian Army on the Austrian front. The American tour of these pictures will be under the direction of William Moore Patch

CLARA
KIMBALL
YOUNG

BIGGER PICTURES
IN
A
BIGGER WAY

NOW HEADING HER OWN
INDIVIDUAL ORGANIZATION

FIRST RELEASE
"MAGDA"

PERSONAL MANAGEMENT
HARRY I. GARSON

AEOLIAN HALL, NEW YORK

THE SCREEN WINS MARGARET MAYO

(Continued from page 250)

almost entirely. They claim it is either an intrusion from the stage or the proof that a story is not genuine screen material.

"I think that there is no general rule. Each story is a new one—or ought to be. It presents a new problem in the use of or omission of 'leaders.' There are cases where a story can be made to flow so naturally from a series of scenes that no word is necessary or even advisable. In the production of 'The Eternal Magdalene' there are two and a half reels of the dream eposide in which only six or seven titles appear. I know a photoplay critic who saw 'Sunshine Alley,' a Mae Marsh film, when it had been assembled without 'leaders'; and he found the story absolutely clear but for one minor point of relationship between two characters.

"Yet 'Sunshine Alley' will be fully titled when it is released. And for the very good reason that its story can be pointed, its quaint and whimsical atmosphere heightened and the flavor of its characters spiced by just the right 'tip' to the audience. In 'Baby Mine,' the titles served a different purpose, to keep humor racing along from incident to incident."

"But, Miss Mayo, how about the other half of the case of Good Taste vs. The Movies?"

"Oh! That's mostly a matter of fur rugs and plaster statuary. We've tried to clean up the photoplay by cleaning up its palors. And there, though the stage has again given us the inspiration, I think we've far outdistanced it.

"The firm to which I still owe theatrical allegiance, has always tried to put its dramatic houses in decent order, and I think it has succeeded in so far as the difficulties of producing for Broadway and touring the whole country permit. But my picture associates went clear beyond the standards of setting common to the theatre and took a leaf from Gordon Craig's by-no-means-popular book. They brought artists into the studio—genuine pen-and-ink-and-oil paint artists. They hired Everitt Shin, to supply the homely atmosphere of stories like 'Polly of the Circus' and 'Sunshine Alley.' They put William H. Cotton, the portrait painter, upon the problem of Jane Cowl's first film, 'The Spreading Dawn,' which demanded settings to match Basil King's distinctive flavor. A third man has had opportunity to contribute even more through his long work at the studio, Hugo Ballin, the mural artist. He has supplied the backgrounds and supervised the costumes for 'The Eternal Magdalene,' 'Fighting Odds,' 'Baby Mine' and 'Nearly Married.' In every case, he has simplified his halls and bedrooms, his restaurants and parlors, down to something near reality. Indeed, in most cases he has gone farther. He has used such simple but beautifully proportioned flat walls, and such clean restrained ornament that the result is a great deal more tasteful and unobtrusive than the common run of reality. Art, you know, always has had a habit of showing the way to life. And that sort of art, incidentally, gives the actor a real chance to act and the author an opportunity to have his say.

"Of course, camera art must go a long way beyond photographing handsome and tasteful rooms. Composition and light play a tremendous part in the beauty and the expressiveness of a photoplay scene.

"Seeing such things accomplished, feeling yourself a part in the growth of a great art, makes it easy to forego Broadway for Fort Lee."

UNWINDING THE REEL

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has completed his last picture under the $670,000 contract he had with the Mutual. This picture is entitled "The Adventurer."

* * *

The latest George Ade Fable to be released by Essanay is entitled "The Fable of What Transpired After the Wind-Up."

* * *

Paralta Plays, Inc., announce that they have signed a contract with Rhea Mitchell whereby that young lady will shortly make her début as an independent star at the head of her own company in a modern morality play by Hayden Talbot. Miss Mitchell's productions will be distributed through the Triangle.

* * *

Artcraft Pictures Corporation have selected for Elsie Ferguson's Film Vehicle "The Rise of Jennie Cushing" by Mary S. Watts to follow "Barbary Sheep." Maurice Tourneur will again direct Miss Ferguson.

* * *

Artcraft further announces that the next Mary Pickford offering will be entitled "The Little Princess." "The Little Princess" was a popular play dramatized from Frances Hodgson Burnett's book, Sara Crewe."

* * *

The Herbert Brenon studio has been built around one man's knowledge of the psychology of acting. Proceeding on the assumption that

A scene from the photoplay production of "Barbary Sheep," made by Artcraft Pictures, from the novel by Robert Hichens, with Elsie Ferguson. This is Miss Ferguson's first picture, and moving picture fans throughout the country are waiting with keen anticipation for its release

The following was printed on the back of the photograph from which this picture was reproduced. We claim no responsibility. "Theda Bara in 'Cleopatra,' produced by William Fox in California, cost $500,000, with 15,000 people and 2,000 horses. Roman Palaces—Roman Forum—Barge on the Nile—Pyramids—Sphinx, and all scenes incidental to the story perfectly reproduced, and will be shown in America in October and in Europe in January"

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Franklin H. Sargent, President

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Address: **WILLIAM THOMPSON PRICE, 1440 Broadway, New York City**

THE BABY DANCE

MLLE. SONIA SEROVA, of the Vestoff-Serova School, has given a most beautiful contribution to the gladsome realm of baby folk. It is the gift of "Little Bo Peep," and "Mistress Mary, Quite Contrary" and other friends in the Nursery Rhyme Book, dancing to the music of laughter and tinkling melodies.

These dances, in spite of their quaint and joyous freedom, embrace the most scientific and subtle of Mlle. Serova's methods of educating the innate grace of the student of the dance. "As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined." For every child who has reached a sufficient maturity to pilot his little feet to any chosen destination, these dances are created to establish in those same movements a sense of rhythm and a graceful poise.

Mlle. Serova's baby dances have not only introduced this art to a new world of beings previously deprived of its pleasures, but experienced representatives of the Dance have journeyed to the Vestoff-Serova School in New York from all over the country, that they may carry its doctrines back with them to gladden the hearts of the very young.

UNWINDING THE REEL

the studio was made for the actors and not actors for the studio, Herbert Brenon has arranged every detail of the entire plant with a view toward creating an atmosphere that would sustain the illusion and stimulate the imagination of those acting under the trying technical conditions of film work.

Your first impression of the studio is that it suggests a legitimate theatre with an important scene continually on the stage. There is an atmosphere of eager and intense preparation throughout the entire building which is subdued, however, by the "Silence" signs out of consideration for the actors on the main stage. The keynote of the establishment is given by printed placards hanging in nearly all the rooms, which state that "The Studio Means as Much to the Artist as the Church Does to the Devout Worshipper," and that "The Greatest Strength Lies in Silence, the Greatest Power in Motionlessness."

The mental attitude of the film worker is obviously of paramount importance and nothing has been left undone to provide the actor with the inspiration that a theatre performance would give, but which is too often lost in the mechanics of motion picture work. To this end, a small orchestra has its place in the studio, which plays appropriate selections especially adapted to the various pictures as they are being filmed.

The screen actor enters the studio very much as a legitimate actor takes his cue for a stage entrance, and through all the time that he is before the camera, he is made to feel the presence of the invisible audience that will greet the finished picture.

* * *

Clara Kimball Young celebrated the anniversary of her birthday, and also the completion of "Magda," the first picture to have been made by her new organization which she heads, on September 6th at the Hotel Knickerbocker.

* * *

After giving the matter most careful thought Edward Warren has decided to call his next production the "Weavers of Life." The art direction, as in "The Warfare of the Flesh," is under the direction of Mrs. Warren.

* * *

Little Mary McAlister's next Essanay picture is entitled "Young Mother Hubbard." It is a modernization of old Mother Hubbard of nursery rhymes.

* * *

Geraldine Farrar's new Artcraft spectacle will be directed by Cecil B. De Mille and is entitled "The Woman God Forgot," by Jeanie MacPherson.

* * *

A motion picture convention will be held in New York in February, 1918. It is expected that the entire industry will be represented.

* * *

Perfection Pictures is the name of a new corporation which includes the Essanay, Edison and Kleine Companies.

* * *

Why wonder how motion pitture companies can pay enormous salaries when the first Goldwyn release, "Polly of the Circus," played in eighty cities simultaneously, showing receipts of $350,000.

* * *

We are glad to announce that Henry B. Walthall will appear as a star manager at the head of his own independent producing company. It is Mr. Walthall's intention to present photodramatic productions of magnitude. Mary Charleson has been engaged as leading woman for his new organization.

* * *

Montagu Love has been re-engaged for World-Pictures under a contract covering the next twenty-four months. During this period Mr. Love will be either "starred" or "featured."

* * *

Announcement is made by Harry I. Carson, manager for Clara Kimball Young, that Miss Young has formed the Fun Art Films, Inc., and has signed the vaudeville team of Ray and Gordon Dooley for five years. Two-reel comedies will be released each month beginning September 15th.

* * *

As this publication goes to press, we learn with regret of the report of death on the Italian battle front of Maciste, the giant star of "Cabiria," and more recently, "The Warrior."

The news of the casualty was brought to this country by E. Matson of John Olson & Company, prominent Scandinavian film traders.

According to the information borne by Mr. Matson, the giant Italian screen player was slain during the terrific fighting on the Bainsizza Plateau in the recent great Italian offensive. It is understood Maciste fell leading a charge across "No Man's Land" in a hand to hand conflict with several of the Austrian soldiers. Further details are not available at this moment.

HOTEL LENOX
BOSTON

Recent renovations at the Hotel Lenox have added still further to the material comforts and home-like atmosphere of this famous Boston hostelry.

The Lenox is conveniently located to the social, theatrical and business sections of Boston.

Single Room with Bath $2.50 and up.

Double Room with Bath $3.50 and up.

L. C. PRIOR
Managing Director

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The FACE POWDER *de Luxe*

Marvelously Soft and Exquisitely Fragrant

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For Superfluous Hair

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Removes hair from arms, arm-pits, face, etc. A delicate method which will not increase or harden growth.
GUARANTEED
Satisfactory or money refunded. Recommended by hospitals and physicians. Manufactured since 1899.
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Dept. C, 347-9 Fifth Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa.

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page 242*)

Mr. Whitcombe	Howard Wall
Mr. Russell	John A. Boone
Mr. Cain	J. H. Greene
Mr. Flynn	William C. Hodges

IF "Turn to the Right" ran for a year I don't see why "A Tailor-Made Man" shouldn't enjoy quite as long a career at the Cohan and Harris.

It is a delightful entertainment. Rich in clean-cut characterizations, situations of telling dramatic and humorous contrast, trenchant dialogue, a nice spirit of helpful progressiveness and withal healthy and clean. I have no hesitation in highly recommending it.

Grant Mitchell is an actor with an engaging personality and a method so easy and untheatrical that perhaps the average theatregoer doesn't entirely appreciate how expert his work is. A young journeyman tailor with ideas, ideals and ambitions, he borrows the evening outfit of a customer, invades "society," makes good and accomplishes big things in the industrial world by his push and enterprise. His secret is revealed, but his worth is acknowledged. To crown his romance he marries the daughter of his original employer, the little tailor's daughter who had always believed in him.

A splendid cast supports Mr. Mitchell. The smallest part is admirably good. Gus Weinberg as the tailor, Harry Harwood as a parvenu, Frank Burbeck as a captain of industry, Rowland Buckstone as a gentleman's gentleman, and A. P. Kaye as a fussy Anglo-maniac are well nigh perfect. Admirable in detail is Barlowe Borland's sketch of the jealous little tailor's assistant, while Minna Gale Haynes, by her sweet dignity, Theodore Friebus by his dignified egotism as an opinionated sociologist round out a finished picture.

SPEED MANIA AFFLICTS VAUDEVILLE

(*Continued from page 216*)

songs, old, old songs. They ranged through their successes of six years back as well as singing three brand new numbers, and whether it was new or old, the audiences wanted to hear them all over again. Their applause registered as high as a dog-days thermometer.

Adele Rowland has smart frocks, new songs, and a Red Cross nurse recitation—all of these worth while in themselves. But more than that, she has personality which makes her frocks more chic than any modiste's model; it makes her songs seem more clever—listen to other people sing the same songs and realize how much Miss Rowland brings to them.

The "Bandbox Revue," which is Gus Edwards' name for his aggregation of talented youngsters, is still headed by Georgie and Cuddles. Georgie has outgrown his youthful precociousness but has developed into a splendid comedian. Cuddles is a beauty—neither the cunning baby of yesteryear, nor yet a young lady. The next six months will mean a great deal in her theatrical development. But undoubtedly she will do Mr. Edwards credit and join the ranks of Edwards' graduates which includes Eddie Cantor, Sallie Fields, Margaret Haney, the Martin Girls and many another.

ENTER THE PLAY-WRIGHT MANAGER

(*Continued from page 220*)

I have heard Mr. Woods say many times to the author and the producer, 'That scene is wrong,' and when asked to state why it was wrong he has replied, 'I don't know, but just the same it is wrong. I feel it,' and in a big majority of cases results have proved that he was right. Mr. Woods does not choose his many successes by chance or luck. He knows drama when he reads it. He has the instinct.

"And the playwright manager should be able to go one step further along the road and either rewrite the weak scene in the play itself, or instruct the author how to do it."

One objection that has been raised by several persons apropos of the playwright going into the managerial field is that it will tend to commercialize his work.

"The box office," Mr. Broadhurst replied to this criticism, "always has and always will decide the fate of plays. No commercial well is so deep as is that of the unsuccessful theatre. There is, in fact, no bottom to it. No matter how high its aims or how lofty its theme, the play that fails to draw a paying patronage will be taken off. It is inevitable, and, from the point of the manager, it is absolutely right, and any man who writes for the theatre must take it into his calculations. A man may write a play teaching the greatest moral lesson in the world, but what is the good of it if it is withdrawn in a fortnight? He may have the greatest message that was ever given to mankind, but what will it avail if there is no one to hear it?

The novelty of the new Broadhurst Theatre lies in its "disappearing rows" of seats. The managerial end of playwright manager knows that it is exceedingly difficult to play farce in a large house, the humor may not reach the last rows. So when there is farce the back seats disappear in portable foyer-like construction that is the invention of a clever architect from a managerial suggestion. When the theatre is housing a drama, back will come the extra rows.

CONFESSIONS OF A LYRIC WRITER

(*Continued from page 224*)

Little bloom of fairy glory
Tinted still with sunrise gold,
You are like some living story
Just commencing to unfold.

When the Princess had finished singing, and the applause had died down, I was still optimistic and inexperienced enough to hope that the rather swinging flirty duet between the Prince and the dashing young soubrette would a little later on reveal to the audience that a rhymester of considerable muscularity was helping to provide a snappy evening's entertainment for them. When the cue came for Ferdinand and Isabella to begin I settled back in my red plush to enjoy the duet-number which had never failed to "go big" at the rehearsals. Even the producer liked this one. Sure enough the performers got two rousing encores—but it was for the *dance* that went with the song!

I did not make any curtain speech although the play proved a fair success. It ran for five months in New York and there are three companies on the road all earning money. This first attempt of mine taught me that lyricists are a privileged class. Their job (after their first play) is a sinecure for when they discover that no one understands a word of their songs anyhow, they write accordingly.

My first experience at lyric-writing did one good thing for me which I think it my solemn duty to report to you. It helped to refute the carelessly-flung accusation one so often hears that actors and actresses can't keep a thing to themselves. I take much pleasure in denying this rumor. It is *not* true. They can keep things to themselves. They can keep lyrics.

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Breath; Fine for the Digestion;
They eat them After Ilka Meal an'
After Smokin' or before Singing.

SCOTMINTS

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

(*Continued from page* 195)

the player is forced to do a barrier against which the trained actor is likely to shatter his enthusiasm and his art. In a word in the making of a movie, a man sneezes his head off to-day, and takes the snuff that causes this nasal convulsion in three weeks. Mind you, I love the completed picture, it is only the necessary incongruities of its mechanics that causes me to hesitate before many temptations to re-enter the field of film.

I have spoken of the splendid friendships that have come into my life through association with the men and women of the stage with whom I have worked since boyhood. I cannot find words to express the high happiness it has been to me to meet and know the splendid souls who give their work to the stage; loyalty, generous thoughts and deeds, honor and unselfishness meet one on every hand, in our beloved profession and it must be a small spirit indeed who is not stirred as an actor to meet the fine characteristics of his fellow-players with equal generosity. And now to speak of the highest delight, the most splendid privilege my whole career has brought me. That is my brief professional but long personal association with the revered, the beloved and lamented Joseph Jefferson.

BRIEF, indeed, was my professional alliance with that peerless master of stage art, since I was in the same cast with him for but one production—that of "The Rivals," in which I had the inestimable delight of appearing in the same cast with Mr. Jefferson, Mrs. Drew, Viola Allen, Nat C. Goodwin and other brilliant lights of the stage—the play having been given for the benefit of Charles W. Couldock, a venerable actor of the passing school. To the stimulus, the inspiration, the exquisite and finely chiseled stage craft which Mr. Jefferson knew not alone how to employ, but also to impart, to the personal characteristics of a true gentleman, a kindly wit a profound philosopher of the stage and of human life a man with a broad, keen but always kindly vision, every player who ever came even for a brief day within the range of that splendid influence owes a debt of gratitude which for my own part I am glad to acknowledge if I may never repay. And tinging every reminiscence of my stage life must always be the remembrance of the privilege it has been mine to enjoy of knowing and loving that man who was, as Walt Whitman said of William Shakespeare, "the boss of us all."

THE WARDROBE MISTRESS

(*Continued from page* 196)

newspapers. But these gowns belonged to the principal and the understudy could not use them. How were we to create a wardrobe? I think for the fifteen minutes following the announcement that I was to fake a set of costumes, I did more hard thinking than ever before in my life.

The road is the most difficult part of the work of the wardrobe department, for with constant packing and unpacking the dresses get harder usage than ever. And on the road the theatres are cramped, often inadequate as to dressing-rooms. When they are week stands it is not so hard, but packing, mending and unpacking for the one-night stand is not a simple matter. However, I personally like the road and most of the members of the theatrical profession have not the dread of it that is commonly imagined.

THE STAGING OF "CHU CHIN CHOW"

(*Continued from page* 198)

side is far more effective than sarcasm, noise or curses.

"The stage of the Manhattan is a wonderful working one and the acoustic properties of the house so admirable that I can conceive of effects we couldn't think of at His Majesty's. There is one feature, we shall present, a distinct novelty, I think. Every scene in this production of fantastic poetry will be a full stage set. First scenes are eliminated, yet there will be no delay. A shutter arrangement, such as is used in a camera, enables the presentation of some beautiful effects by which one scene fades away only to be instantly succeeded by one even more beautiful and elaborate than that which went before.. But I'll boast no more. I shall do my best. I have an original, novel and interesting play, the everything needed for the most beautiful scenery and appointments, an immense corps of supernumeraries and a company of superior artistic excellence. Under these circumstances it is evident that my share of the responsibility is very great. I shall only hope to prove equal to it."

RICHARD MANSFIELD'S REAL SELF

(*Continued from page* 202)

wishing success to the new play. A day or two later came the following note:

"My dear friend:

"I have your kind dispatch. 'Beaucaire' opened well, and appears to please. Touching our little talk on Broadway recently—You really must excuse me for my seeming abruptness but when one accosts me thus it always puts me at a disadvantage.

"Sincerely yours,
"RICHARD MANSFIELD."

Because it proved prophetic, and at the same time is one of the most pathetic admissions from a man of Mansfield's pride and courage, the following letter, which I had from him from the West, I reproduce venturing the belief that in it he for once poured forth his disheartened self:

"My dear——

"I have to thank you very much for a very interesting, very kind and very complimentary letter, and I am very grateful to you for taking so much interest in my work. I have come to believe that nobody really cares as long as they are entertained That ends the matter. And I'm afraid I do not present plays to please the public, but I am directed in my choice largely by a desire to satisfy myself.

"In three years I shall—if I am spared so long—probably retire; and in less time than that thereafter I shall be forgotten.

"My life has been a hard one and a stormy one and I am longing for rest. Believe me,

"Yours very gratefully,
"RICHARD MANSFIELD."

CORRECTION

IN our last issue in the article entitled "The New Season," it was stated that Arthur Hopkins had "secured the services of Miss Billie Burke for a term of years beginning with the coming season."

Miss Burke is under the management of Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., but for the purpose of securing the Clare Kummer play controlled by Mr. Hopkins an arrangement was entered into with him by Mr. Ziegfeld by which Miss Burke will be presented in that play jointly by Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Ziegfeld, the agreement being not for a term of years, as stated, but for a period of thirty weeks only.

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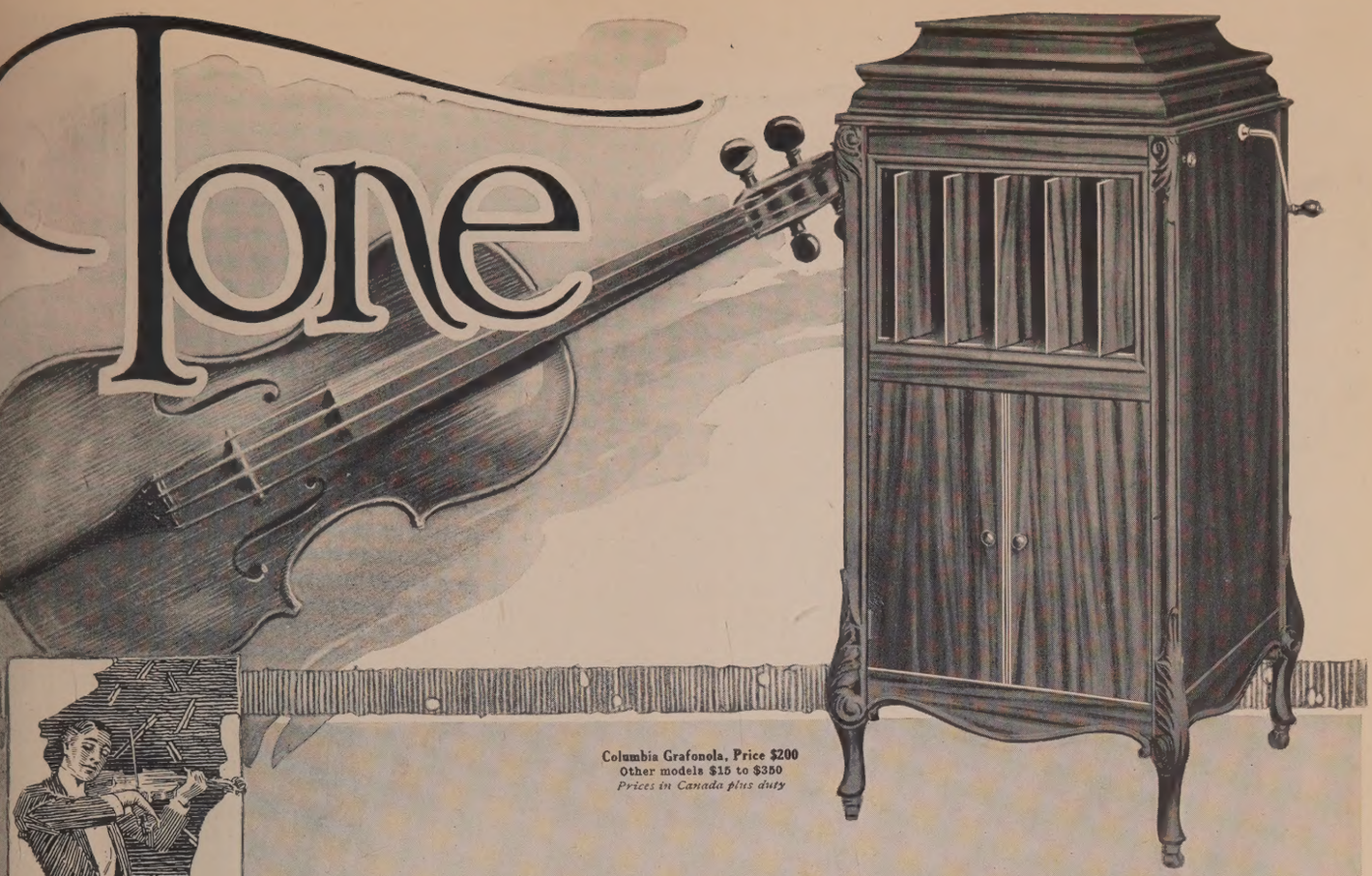

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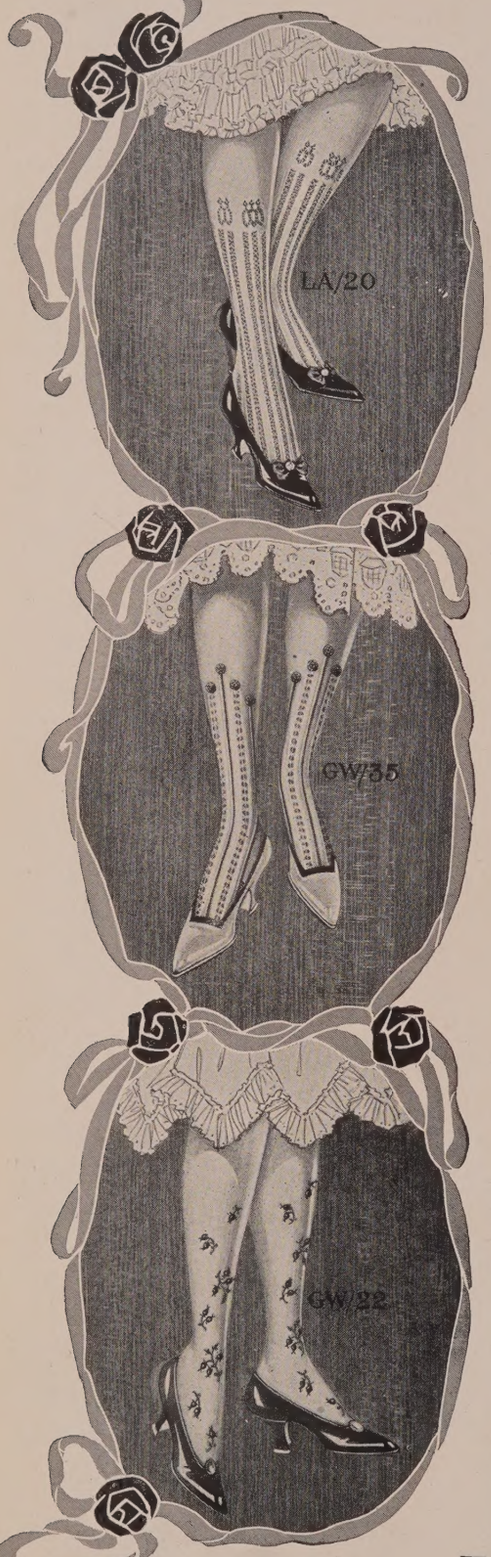

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